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G. Schirmer Edition of **IOLANTHE** OR THE PEER AND THE PERI

Book by
W. S. GILBERT
Music by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

#350
(In U. S. A.)



its score contains
the dialogue

SCHIRMER, INC.

NEW YORK

IOLANTHE

or

The Peer and the Peri

Book by

W. S. GILBERT

Music by

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Authentic Version Edited by

BRYCESON TREHARNE

This score contains all the dialogue

(Printed in the U. S. A.)

40989

G. SCHIRMER, Inc., NEW YORK

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE LORD CHANCELLOR

LORD MOUNTARARAT

LORD TOLLOLLER

PRIVATE WILLIS.....*Of the Grenadier Guards*

STREPHON.....*An Arcadian Shepherd*

QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES

IOLANTHE.....*A Fairy, Strephon's Mother*

CELIA.....	}	
LEILA.....	}	
FLETA.....	}	
		<i>Fairies</i>

PHYLLIS.....*An Arcadian Shepherdess and Ward in Chancery*

CHORUS OF DUKES, MARQUISES, EARLS, VISCOUNTS, BARONS, AND FAIRIES

ACT I—An Arcadian Landscape

ACT II—Palace Yard, Westminster

Date, between 1700 and 1882

ARGUMENT

Twenty-five years previous to the action of the opera, Iolanthe, a fairy, had committed the capital crime of marrying a mortal. The Queen of the Fairies had commuted the death sentence to banishment for life—on condition that Iolanthe must leave her husband without explanation and never see him again. Her son Strephon has grown up as a shepherd, half fairy, half mortal. Strephon loves Phyllis, a shepherdess who is also a ward in Chancery; she returns his love, and knows nothing of his mixed origin.

At the beginning of the opera, the Queen is prevailed upon by other fairies to recall Iolanthe from exile. Strephon joins the glad reunion and announces his intention of marrying Phyllis in spite of the Lord Chancellor, her guardian, who refuses permission. The Queen approves, and plans to influence certain boroughs to elect Strephon to Parliament.

Meanwhile the entire House of Lords is enamored of Phyllis; they appeal in a body to the Lord Chancellor to give her to whichever peer she may select. The Lord Chancellor is also suffering the pangs of love, but feels he has no legal right to assign her to himself. Phyllis declines to marry a peer; Strephon pleads his cause in court again, but in vain. Iolanthe enters and holds tender converse with her son. Since she, like all fairies, looks like a girl of seventeen, Phyllis and the peers misinterpret the situation; they ridicule Strephon's claim that Iolanthe is his mother. Phyllis declares now that she will marry either Lord Mountarat or Lord Tolloller.

The Fairies take revenge by not merely sending Strephon to Parliament, but also influencing both Houses to pass any bills he may introduce. His innovations culminate in a bill to throw the peerage open to competitive examination. The Peers, seeing their doom approaching, appeal to the Fairies to desist. The Fairies have fallen in love with the Peers and would like to oblige, but it is too late to stop Strephon. The Queen reproaches her subjects for their feminine weakness; she acknowledges her own weakness for a sentry, Private Willis, but asserts that she has it under control.

Lord Mountarat and Lord Tolloller discover that if either marries Phyllis, family tradition will require the loser to kill his successful rival; both therefore renounce Phyllis in the name of friendship. The Lord Chancellor, after considerable struggle, pleads his own cause before himself and convinces himself that the law will allow him to marry her.

Meanwhile Strephon makes Phyllis understand that his mother is a fairy, and they are reconciled. They persuade Iolanthe to appeal to the Lord Chancellor. To make the appeal effective, she reveals her identity to him—her husband—and thus again incurs the death penalty. The other Fairies, however, have married their respective Peers, and announce to the Queen that they all have incurred the same sentence. The Lord Chancellor suggests the legal expedient of inserting a single word, to make the law read that every fairy who does *not* marry a mortal shall die. The Queen corrects the scroll, and asks Private Willis to save her life by marrying her. All the mortals present are then transformed into fairies and fly away with their consorts to Fairyland, leaving the House of Lords to be replenished according to intelligence rather than birth.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

No.		Page
	OVERTURE.....	1

ACT I

1.	"TRIPPING HITHER, TRIPPING THITHER" (Opening Chorus and Soli) <i>Celia, Leila, and Fairies</i>	12
2.	INVOCATION: "IOLANTHE! FROM THY DARK EXILE" (Soli and Chorus) <i>Queen, Iolanthe, Celia, Leila, Fairies</i>	22
3.	"GOOD MORROW, GOOD MOTHER" (Solo and Chorus) <i>Strephon and Fairies</i>	29
4.	"FARE THEE WELL" (Solo and Chorus).....	32
4a.	"GOOD MORROW, GOOD LOVER" (Soli).....	35
5.	"NONE SHALL PART US FROM EACH OTHER" (Duet) <i>Phyllis and Strephon</i>	37
6.	ENTRANCE AND MARCH OF PEERS: "LOUDLY LET THE TRUMPET BRAY" (Chorus, Tenors and Basses).....	41
7.	"THE LAW IS THE TRUE EMBODIMENT" (Song and Chorus) <i>Lord Chancellor and Peers</i>	55
8.	"MY WELL-LOVED LORD AND GUARDIAN DEAR" (Trio and Chorus) <i>Phyllis, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararat, Peers</i>	(62)
9.	"NAY, TEMPT ME NOT" (Recitative and Chorus)....	72
10.	"SPURN NOT THE NOBLY BORN" (Song and Chorus) <i>Lord Tolloller and Peers</i>	(73)
11.	"MY LORDS, IT MAY NOT BE" (Recitative and Chorus) <i>Phyllis, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararat, Strephon, Lord Chancellor, Peers</i>	(77)
12.	"WHEN I WENT TO THE BAR AS A VERY YOUNG MAN" (Song) <i>Lord Chancellor</i>	85
13.	"WHEN DARKLY LOOMS THE DAY" (Finale of Act I).....	89

ACT II

14.	"WHEN ALL NIGHT LONG A CHAP REMAINS" (Song)....	144
15.	"STREPHON'S A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT" (Chorus)...	147
16.	"WHEN BRITAIN REALLY RULED THE WAVES" (Song and Chorus) <i>Lord Mountararat, Fairies, Peers</i>	153
17.	"IN VAIN TO US YOU PLEAD" (Duet and Chorus) <i>Leila, Celia, Fairies, Lord Mountararat, Lord Tolloller</i>	(155)
18.	"OH, FOOLISH FAY" (Song and Chorus).....	158
19.	"THO' P'Rhaps I MAY INCUR YOUR BLAME" (Quartet) <i>Phyllis, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararat, Private Willis</i>	(162)
20.	"LOVE, UNREQUITED, ROBS ME OF MY REST" (Recitative and Song) <i>Lord Chancellor</i>	166
21.	"HE WHO SHIES AT SUCH A PRIZE" (Trio) <i>Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararat, Lord Chancellor</i>	(181)
22.	"MY BILL HAS NOW BEEN READ A SECOND TIME" (Recitative and Song) <i>Strephon</i>	188
23.	"IF WE'RE WEAK ENOUGH TO TARRY" (Duet)....	193
24.	"MY LORD, A SUPPLIANT AT YOUR FEET I KNEEL" (Recitative and Ballad).....	199
25.	"IT MAY NOT BE" (Recitative) <i>Iolanthe, Queen, Lord Chancellor, Fairies</i>	202
26.	"SOON AS WE MAY, OFF AND AWAY" (Finale).....	207

Iolanthe

or

The Peer and the Peri

W. S. Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan

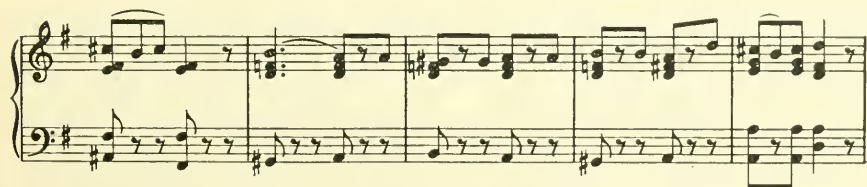
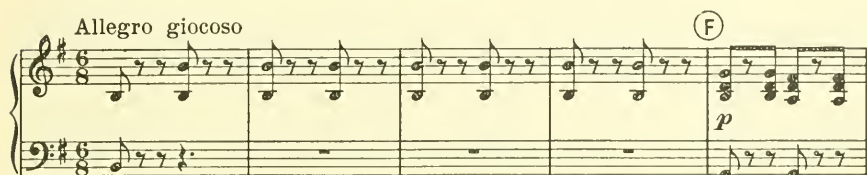
Overture

Andante

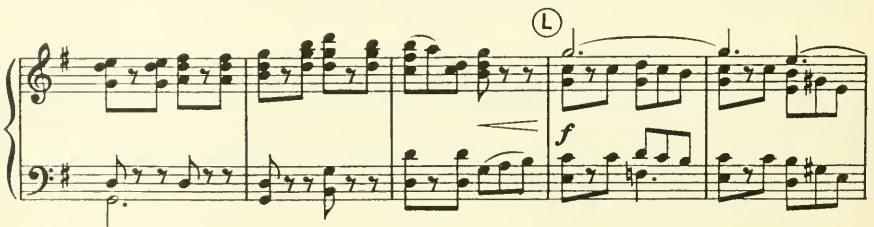
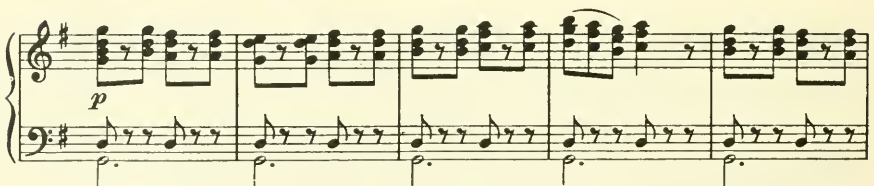
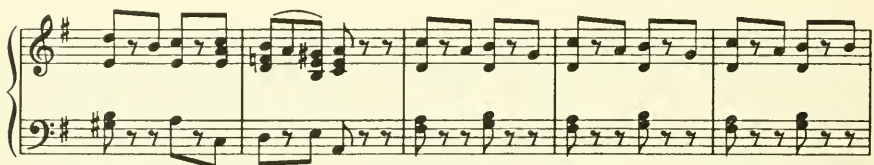
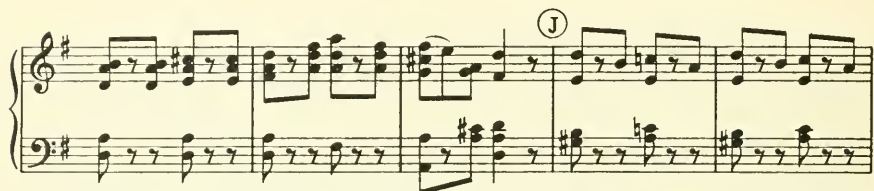
Piano *p*

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is marked 'Andante' and 'Piano p'. The second system ends with a 'Rev.' (Repeat) sign and an asterisk. The third system has a circled 'A' above the first measure of the treble staff. The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment.





(H)





First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first staff (treble clef) begins with a forte piano (*fp*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second staff (bass clef) provides harmonic support with sustained notes.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. Measure 7 contains a circled 'Q' above the treble staff. The system concludes with a piano staccato (*p stacc.*) instruction.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The music continues with active sixteenth-note patterns in both staves.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The texture remains dense with continuous sixteenth-note figures.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. Measure 19 features a circled 'R' above the treble staff. The system ends with a *poco marcato* instruction and a double bar line.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. The system concludes with three measures marked with an asterisk (*) and the word *Red.* (Ritardando). The final measure includes a '2' below the bass staff, indicating a second ending.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains eighth and sixteenth notes. Bass staff contains dotted half notes. Rehearsal mark 'Rev.' is under the first measure. Asterisks are under measures 2, 3, 4, and 5.

Second system of musical notation. Treble staff contains eighth and sixteenth notes. Bass staff contains dotted half notes. Rehearsal mark 'Rev.' is under the first measure. Asterisks are under measures 2 and 3. A circled 'S' is above measure 4. *ff* is written above measure 5.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains eighth and sixteenth notes. Bass staff contains eighth and sixteenth notes. Fingerings '2' and '2' are indicated under measures 2 and 3.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains eighth and sixteenth notes. Bass staff contains eighth and sixteenth notes. Fingerings '2' and '2' are indicated under measures 2 and 3. Rehearsal mark 'Rev.' is under measure 4. Asterisks are under measures 5 and 6.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains eighth and sixteenth notes. Bass staff contains eighth and sixteenth notes. Fingerings '8' and '8' are indicated under measures 2 and 3. Rehearsal mark 'Rev.' is under measure 4. Asterisks are under measures 5 and 6. A circled 'T' is above measure 6.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff contains whole notes. Bass staff contains eighth and sixteenth notes. *dim.* is written above measure 3. *p* is written above measure 4. Fingerings '2' and '2' are indicated under measures 2 and 3.

This page contains six systems of musical notation for a piano piece. The notation is written for two hands, with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff of each system. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The notation includes many beamed notes, suggesting a fast or rhythmic passage. The first system has a 2-measure rest in the right hand. The second system has a 2-measure rest in the right hand. The third system has a 2-measure rest in the right hand. The fourth system has a 2-measure rest in the right hand. The fifth system has a 2-measure rest in the right hand. The sixth system has a 2-measure rest in the right hand.



First system of a musical score in G major (one sharp). The treble clef contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass clef contains a bass line with dotted half notes. Below the staff, the word "Ped." is written under the first measure, followed by an asterisk, and then "Ped." under measures 3, 5, 7, and 9, with an asterisk at the end.

Second system of the musical score. It begins with a circled 'X' above the treble clef. The treble clef has a melody with eighth notes, and the bass clef has a bass line with eighth notes. The dynamic marking *ff* is placed above the first measure of the bass line. Below the staff, the number '2' appears under measures 3 and 5 in both the treble and bass staves.

Third system of the musical score. The treble clef contains a melody with eighth notes, and the bass clef contains a bass line with eighth notes. Below the staff, the number '2' appears under measures 3 and 5 in both the treble and bass staves. The system ends with the word "Ped." and an asterisk.

Fourth system of the musical score. The treble clef contains a melody with eighth notes, and the bass clef contains a bass line with eighth notes. Below the staff, the word "Ped." is written under measures 1 and 3, followed by an asterisk, and then "Ped." under measure 5, followed by an asterisk.

Fifth system of the musical score. The treble clef contains a melody with eighth notes, and the bass clef contains a bass line with eighth notes. Below the staff, the word "Ped." is written under measure 1, followed by an asterisk, and then "Ped." under measure 5, followed by an asterisk. The system ends with a double bar line and a 2/4 time signature.

(Y) L'istesso tempo

Sixth system of the musical score, starting with a circled 'Y' above the treble clef. The time signature is 2/4. The treble clef contains a melody with eighth notes, and the bass clef contains a bass line with eighth notes. The dynamic marking *fp* is placed above the first measure of the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line and a 2/4 time signature.

② Animato

cresc. *ff* *Ad.*

stringendo

più vivo

Act I

Scene: *An Arcadian landscape*

No. 1. Tripping hither, tripping thither

Opening Chorus and Soli

Celia, Leila and Fairies

Allegretto

*p**pp**col Ped.**p**p**p**p*

(A)

(B) Celia and Chorus (SOP. I)
 Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or
 Leila and Chorus (SOP. II)
 Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or

(B)

whith-er, We must dance and we must
 whith-er, We must dance and we must

8.

sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping
 sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping

thith-er, No-bod - y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must
 thith-er, No-bod - y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must

sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping
 sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping

thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must

thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must

sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring.

sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring.

stacc.

SOLO
Celia

③

We are dain-ty lit-tle fair-ies, Ev-er sing-ing, ev-er danc-ing;

p

We in - dulse in our va - ga-ries In a fash-ion most en - tranc - ing.

stacc.

If you ask the spe-cial func-tion Of our nev-er ceas-ing mo-tion,

We re-ly with some com-punc-tion That we have-n't an-y no-tion,

① Chorus

No, we have-n't an-y no-tion! an-y no-tion!

②

No, we have-n't an-y no-tion! an-y no-tion!

Tripping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must

Tripping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must

dance and we must sing, Round a - bout our fair - y

dance and we must sing, Round a - bout our fair - y

E Leila

ring. If you ask us how we live, Lov-ers all es - sen - tials give;

ring.

E

p

We can ride on lov - ers' sighs, Warm our - selves in lov - ers' eyes,

Bathe our - selves in lov - ers' tears, Clothe our - selves with lov - ers' fears,

Arm our-selves with lov-ers' darts, Hide our-selves in lov-ers' hearts,

When you know us you'll dis-cov-er That we al-most live on

cresc.

(F) Chorus

lov-er. Yes, we live on lov-er. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping

Yes we live on lov-er. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping

(F)

thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must

thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must dance and we must

sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring.
 sing, Round a - bout our fair - y ring.

The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

(G) *ff*
 We are dain - ty lit - tle fair - ies, Ev - er sing - ing, ev - er
 We are dain - ty lit - tle fair - ies, Ev - er sing - ing, ev - er

The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

danc - ing; We in - dulse in our va - ga - ries In a
 danc - ing; We in - dulse in our va - ga - ries In a

The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

fash-ion most en-tranc-ing, most en-tranc-ing,

fash-ion most en-tranc-ing, most en-tranc-ing,

dim. most en-tranc-ing. *p* Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping

dim. most en-tranc-ing. *p* Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping

dim. *p* *f* *pp*

thith-er, No bod-y knows why or whither.

thith-er, No bod-y knows why or whither.

(At the end of the chorus all sigh wearily.)

Celia: Ah, it's all very well, but since our queen banished Iolanthe fairy revels have not been what they were.

Leila: Iolanthe was the life and soul of Fairyland. Why, she wrote all our songs and arranged all our dances! We sing her songs and we trip her measures, but we don't enjoy ourselves.

Fleta: To think that five-and-twenty years have elapsed since she was banished! What could she have done to have deserved so terrible a punishment?

Leila: Something awful: she married a mortal.

Fleta: Oh! Is it injudicious to marry a mortal?

Leila: Injudicious? It strikes at the root of the whole fairy system. By our laws the fairy who marries a mortal dies.

Celia: But Iolanthe didn't die.

(Enter Queen of the Fairies)

Queen: No, because your queen, who loved her with a surpassing love, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life, on condition that she left her husband without a word of explanation and never communicated with him again.

Leila: And that sentence of penal servitude she is now working out at the bottom of that stream?

Queen: Yes. But when I banished her I gave her all the pleasant places of the earth to dwell in. I'm sure I never intended that she should go and live at the bottom of that stream. It makes me perfectly wretched to think of the discomfort she must have undergone.

Leila: To think of the damp! And her chest was always delicate.

Queen: And the frogs! ugh! I never shall enjoy any peace of mind until I know why Iolanthe went to live among the frogs.

Fleta: Then why not summon her and ask her?

Queen: Why? Because if I set eyes on her I should forgive her at once.

Celia: Then why not forgive her? Twenty-five years! it's a long time.

Leila: Think how we loved her!

Queen: Loved her? What was your love to mine? Why, she was invaluable to me! Who taught me to curl myself inside a buttercup? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to swing upon a cobweb? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to dive into a dewdrop, to nestle in a nutshell, to gambol upon gossamer? Iolanthe!

Leila: She certainly did surprising things.

Fleta: Oh give her back to us, great queen—for your sake, if not for ours.

(All kneel in supplication)

Queen: *(irresolute)* Oh, I should be strong, but I am weak; I should be marble, but I am clay. Her punishment has been heavier than I intended. I did not mean that she should live among the frogs. And—Well! well! it shall be as you wish.

No. 2. Invocation: "Iolanthe! from thy dark exile"

Soli and Chorus

Queen, Iolanthe, Celia, Leila and Fairies

Andante

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *p* (piano). The music features a treble and bass staff with a complex, flowing melody in the treble and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the bass.

First vocal entry by the Queen. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are "I - o - lan - the!". The music is marked *p* (piano).

Second vocal entry by the Queen, marked with a circled **A**. The lyrics are "From thy dark ex - ile thou art sum - - - moned,". The music is marked *p* (piano). The piano accompaniment features a prominent, flowing melody in the treble staff.

Third vocal entry by Celia. The lyrics are "Come to our call, come, come, I - o - lan - - - the! I - o -". The music is marked *p* (piano). The piano accompaniment features a prominent, flowing melody in the treble staff.

Leila

lan - - - the! I - o - lan - -

Chorus of
FairiesCelia & Soprano I
unison

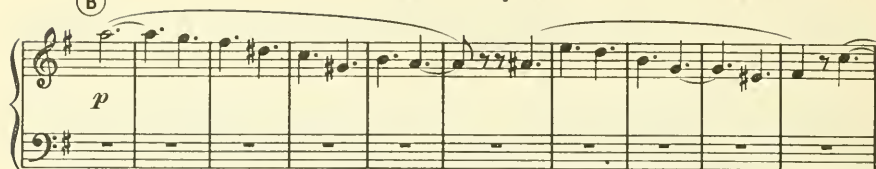
Tutti

the! Come to our call, I - o -

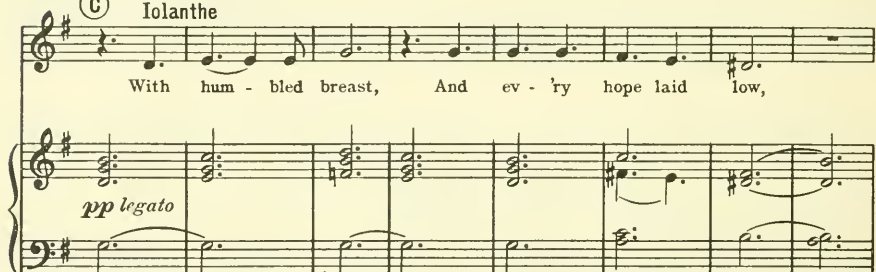
lan - - - the! I - o - lan - -

the! Come!

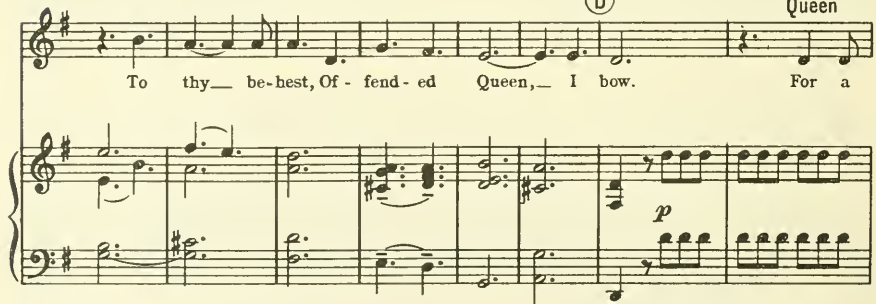
(B)

Iolanthe rises from the water. She is clad in tattered*and sombre garments. She approaches the Queen with head bent and arms crossed.*

(C)

Iolanthe

(D)

Queen

dark sin against our fair - y laws We sent thee in - to

life - long ban-ish-ment, But mer - cy holds her sway — with-

in our hearts, — Rise!

(E) Rise, thou art par - doned! Par - doned!

Iolanthe

Chorus
Celia & Sop. I

Her rags fall from her, and she appears clothed as a fairy. The Queen places a diamond coronet on her head and embraces her. The others also embrace her.

Animato

Par - - - doned!

Leila & Sop. II

Par - - - doned!

Animato

f

Ad.

*

(F) Celia & Sop. I

Wel - come to our hearts a - gain, I - o - lan - the! I - o - lan - the!

Leila, Queen, & Sop. II

Wel - come to our hearts a - gain, I - o - lan - the! I - o - lan - the!

(F)

mf

We have shared thy bit - ter pain, I - o - lan - the! I - o - lan - the!

We have shared thy bit - ter pain, I - o - lan - the! I - o - lan - the!

Ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry hand In our lov - ing lit - tle band

Ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry hand— In our lov - ing lit - tle band

Wel-comes thee to fair - y-land, I-o - lan - the! I-o - lan - the! I-o -

Wel-comes thee to fair - y-land, I-o - lan - the! I-o - lan - the!

lan - - - the! I-o - lan - the! I-o -

Wel-comes thee to fair - y— land, I-o - lan - the! I-o -

lan - the! _____

lan - the! _____

dim. *pp*

Ret. * *Ret.* * *Ret.* *

Queen: And now tell me: with all the world to choose from, why on earth did you decide to live at the bottom of that stream?

Iolanthe: To be near my son, Strephon.

Queen: Your son! Bless my heart! I didn't know you had a son.

Iolanthe: He was born soon after I left my husband by your royal command, but he doesn't even know of his father's existence.

Fleta: How old is he?

Iolanthe: Twenty-four.

Leila: Twenty-four! No one to look at you would think you had a son of twenty-four? But of course that's one of the advantages of being immortal—we never grow old. Is he pretty?

Iolanthe: He's extremely pretty, but he's inclined to be stout.

All: (*disappointed*) Oh!

Queen: I see no objection to stoutness in moderation.

Celia: And what is he?

Iolanthe: He's an Arcadian shepherd, and he loves Phyllis, a ward in Chancery.

Celia: A mere shepherd, and he half a fairy!

Iolanthe: He's a fairy down to the waist, but his legs are mortal.

Celia: Dear me!

Queen: I have no reason to suppose that I am more curious than other people, but I confess, I should like to see a person who is a fairy down to the waist, but whose legs are mortal.

Iolanthe: Nothing easier, for here he comes.

(*Enter Strephon, singing and dancing, and playing on a flageolet.*
He does not see the Fairies, who retire up stage as he enters.)

No. 3. "Good morrow, good mother"

Solo and Chorus
Strephon and Fairies

Allegretto

f

Red. *

Strephon

Good mor-row, good moth-er, —

Good mor-row, good mor-row!

p

By some means or oth-er

Pray ban-ish your sor-row;

With joy be-yond tell-ing My bo-som is swell-ing, So

(A)

join in a mea-sure Ex - pres - sive of plea-sure, For I'm to be mar-ried to -

Chorus of Fairies

day, to-day! Yes, I'm to be mar-ried to - day! — Yes, he's to be mar-ried to -

day, to - day! Yes, he's to be mar - ried to - day. —

Ⓑ

ff

Red.

Iolanthe: Then the Lord Chancellor has at last given his consent to your marriage with his beautiful ward, Phyllis?

Strephon: Not he, indeed! To all my tearful prayers he answers me, "A shepherd lad is no fit helpmate for a ward of Chancery." I stood in court, and there I sang him songs of Arcadee, with flageolet accompaniment, in vain. At first he seemed amused, so did the Bar, but, quickly wearying of my song and pipe, he bade me get out. A servile usher then, in crumpled bands and rusty bombazine, led me, still singing, into Chancery Lane! I'll go no more; I'll marry her today, and brave the upshot, be what it may! — (*Sees Fairies*) But who are these?

Iolanthe: Oh, Strephon, rejoice with me; my queen has pardoned me!

Strephon: Pardoned you, mother? This is good news, indeed!

Iolanthe: And these ladies are my beloved sisters.

Strephon: Your sisters? Then they are my aunts. (*kneels*)

Queen: A pleasant piece of news for your bride on her wedding day!

Strephon: Hush! My bride knows nothing of my fairyhood. I dare not tell her, lest it frighten her. She thinks me mortal, and prefers me so.

Leila: Your fairyhood doesn't seem to have done you much good.

Strephon: Much good? It's the curse of my existence! What's the use of being half a fairy? My body can creep through a keyhole, but what's the good of that when my legs are left kicking behind? I can make myself invisible down to the waist, but that's of no use when my legs remain exposed to view. My brain is a fairy brain, but from the waist downward I'm a gibbering idiot. My upper half is immortal, but my lower half grows older every day, and some day or other must die of old age. What's to become of my upper half when I've buried my lower half I really don't know.

Queen: I see your difficulty, but with a fairy brain you should seek an intellectual sphere of action. Let me see: I've a borough or two at my disposal; would you like to go into Parliament?

Iolanthe: A fairy member! That would be delightful.

Strephon: I'm afraid I should do no good there. You see, down to the waist I'm a Tory of the most determined description, but my legs are a couple of confounded Radicals, and on a division they'd be sure to take me into the wrong lobby. You see, they're two to one, which is a strong working majority.

Queen: Don't let that distress you; you shall be returned as a Liberal-Conservative, and your legs shall be our peculiar care.

Strephon: (*bowing*) I see Your Majesty does not do things by halves.

Queen: No; we are fairies down to the feet.

No. 4. Fare thee well

Solo and Chorus

Queen and Fairies

Allegretto

Queen

Fare thee well, at -

p

Chorus of Fairies

trac - tive — stran - ger, Fare thee well, at -

Queen

trac - tive — stran - ger! Should'st thou be in

doubt or — dan - ger, Per - il or per - plex - i - tee,

Chorus

Call us, and we'll come to thee. Aye, call us, and we'll

(A)

come to thee. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping

p

thith-er, No-bod-y knows why or whith-er, We must

now be tak-ing wing To an-oth-er fair-y

ring. Trip-ping hith-er, trip-ping thith-er, We must

now be tak - ing wing To — an - oth - er

fair - y ring.

p stacc.

f p

takes an affectionate fareuell of her son, going off last.

No. 4a. "Good morrow, good lover"

Soli

Phyllis and Strephon

Allegretto (Phyllis enters)

f

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, key of D major. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with dotted half notes.

Phyllis

Good mor-row, good lov-er! —

Good lov-er, good mor-row! —

p

Phyllis enters with a vocal melody in the right hand, accompanied by the piano in the left hand. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic pattern as the introduction.

I prith-ee dis-cov-er,

Steal, pur-chase, or bor-row,

The second vocal entry continues the melody, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support.

Some means of con-ceal-ing The care you are feel-ing, And

(A)

The third vocal entry begins with a circled 'A' above the first measure. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords in the right hand, while the left hand continues with the harmonic accompaniment.

join in a mea-sure Ex - pres-sive of plea-sure, For we're to be mar-ried to -

day, to - day, Yes, we're to be mar-ried to - day! — Yes,

Strephon
& Phyllis

we're to be mar-ried to - day, to - day, Yes, we're to be mar-ried to -

day! —

(B)

Red.

Strephon: My Phyllis! And today we're to be made happy for ever.

Phyllis: Well, we're to be married.

Strephon: It's the same thing.

Phyllis: Well, I suppose it is. But oh, Strephon, I tremble at the step we're taking. I believe it's penal servitude for life to marry a ward of court without the Lord Chancellor's consent. I shall be of age in two years. Don't you think you could wait two years?

Strephon: Two years! You can't have seen yourself. Here, look at that (*offering mirror*) and tell me if you think it's reasonable to expect me to wait two years?

Phyllis: No; you're quite right; it's asking too much—one must be reasonable.

Strephon: Besides, who knows what will happen in two years? Why, you might fall in love with the Lord Chancellor himself by that time.

Phyllis: Yes, he's a clever old gentleman.

Strephon: As it is, half the House of Lords are sighing at your feet.

Phyllis: The House of Lords is certainly extremely attentive.

Strephon: Attentive? I should think they were! Why did five-and-twenty Liberal peers come down to shoot over your grass-plot last autumn? It couldn't have been the sparrows. Why did five-and-twenty Conservative peers come down to fish in your pond? Don't tell me it was the goldfish! No, no. Delays are dangerous, and if we are to marry, the sooner the better.

No. 5. "None shall part us from each other"

Duet

Phyllis and Strephon

Andante non troppo lento

Phyllis 1. None shall part us from each oth - er One in
Strephon 2. All in all since that fond meet - ing When, in

life and death are we: All in all— to one an-
joy, I woke to find Mine the heart, with- in thee

oth - er, I to thee and thou to me! — All in
beat - ing, Mine the love that heart en - shrined! — Mine the

all to one an - oth - er — I to thee — and thou to
heart with- in thee beat - ing, Mine the love that heart en -

me! Thou the tree and I the flow - er —
shrined! Thou the stream and I the wil - low —
Strephon

I the tree, Thou the flow-er;
I the stream, Thou the wil-low;

pp

Thou the i - - dol; I the throng—
 Thou the sculp - - tor; I the clay—

I the i - dol, Thou the throng;
 I the sculp - tor, Thou the clay;

Thou the day and I the hour— Thou the
 Thou the o - cean; I the bil - low— Thou the

I the day and thou the hour— I the
 I the o - cean; thou the bil - low— I the

cresc. *p*

1. sing-er; I the song!
 sun-rise, I the day!

2. sing-er; thou the song!
 sun-rise; thou the day!

(C)

Thou the stream and I the wil - low— Thou the sculp - tor;

I the stream and thou the

(C)

I the clay— Thou the o - cean; I the bil - low—

wil - low— I the o - cean; thou the bil - low—

cresc. *p* *cresc.*

f Thou the sun - rise; *p* I the day!

f I the sun - rise; *p* Thou the day!

f *pp* *p*

Ezeunt Strephon and Phyllis

March. Enter Procession of Peers, headed by Lord Mountarat and Lord Tolloller

No. 6. Entrance and March of Peers: "Loudly let the trumpet bray"

Chorus, Tenors and Basses

Peers

Allegro maestoso



First system of music, featuring piano accompaniment in treble and bass staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The system concludes with a section marked with a circled 'B'.

Second system of music, continuing the piano accompaniment. It features various chordal textures and melodic lines in both staves.

Third system of music, continuing the piano accompaniment. It includes a measure with a dotted line and a fermata, marked with a circled '8'.

© Chorus
TENORS

Loud - ly let the trum - pet - bray, Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - tan - ta - ra!

BASSES

© Loud - ly let the trum - pet - bray, —

Fourth system of music, featuring piano accompaniment. It begins with a forte 'f' dynamic marking.

Fifth system of music, featuring vocal lines for Tenors and Basses. The Tenor line has the lyrics: "Proud - ly bang the sound - ing - brass - es, —". The Bass line has the lyrics: "Proud - ly bang the sound - ing - brass - es. — Tzing, boom!".

Sixth system of music, featuring piano accompaniment. It includes triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over the notes) in both staves.

As up-on its lord - ly way This u-nique pro - ces - sion pass-es.

As up-on its lord - ly way This u-nique pro - ces - sion pass-es.

p *f*³

① Tan-tan-ta-ra, tan-tan-ta-ra, tan-tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing,

① *f*

ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra! Tzing,

boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tzing, boom, Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra! Tzing,

(E)

boom! Bow, bow, ye low-er mid-dle class-es! Bow, bow, ye

boom!

(E)

ff

tradesmen, bow, ye mass-es, Blow the trum-pets, bang the brass-es, Tan-tan-ta-ra, Tzing,

boom!

Bow, bow, ye low-er mid-dle class-es, Bow, bow, ye

(F) Tan - ta - ta-ra, tan - ta -

tradesmen, bow, ye mass-es, Blow the trum-pets, bang the brass-es. Tzing,

(F)

ra, tan - ta-ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta-ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

boom, tzing, boom! Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

cresc. *ff*

legato

We are Peers of high - est sta - tion,

p

Par - a - gons of leg - is - la - tion,

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of four measures: a half note 'Par', a quarter note 'a', a quarter note 'gons', a half note 'of', a quarter note 'leg', a quarter note 'is', a half note 'la', and a quarter note 'tion'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Pil - lars of the Brit - ish na - tion.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with four measures: a half note 'Pil', a quarter note 'lars', a half note 'of', a quarter note 'the', a quarter note 'Brit', a quarter note 'ish', a half note 'na', and a quarter note 'tion'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

p Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom!

The third system of the musical score. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'p' (piano) in the bass line, consisting of a series of eighth notes. The vocal line then enters with four measures: a half note 'Tan', a quarter note 'tan', a quarter note 'ta', a half note 'ra', a quarter note 'tan', a quarter note 'ta', a half note 'ra', and a quarter note 'Tzing, boom, tzing, boom, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom!'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

G

We are — Peers of — high — est —

We are Peers of high - est sta - tion, Par - a - gons of

G

mf

p

sta - tion, Par - a - gons of —

leg - is - la - tion, Pil - lars of the Brit - ish na - tion,

leg - is - la - tion, Pil - lars —

Pil - lars of the Brit - ish na - tion, We are Peers of

of the Brit - ish na - tion. —

high - est sta - tion, Par - a - gons of leg - is - la - tion.

Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -

Tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -

ra, Tzing, boom! **(H)** *f* Bow, bow, ye low - er mid - dle class - es!

ra, Tzing, boom! *f* Bow, bow, ye low - er mid - dle class - es!

(H) *f*

Bow, bow, ye trades-men, bow, ye mass - es, Blow the trum - pets,

Bow, bow, ye trades-men, bow, ye mass - es, Blow the trum - pets,

bang the brass - es, Tan - tan - ta-ra, Tzing, boom!

bang the brass - es, Tan - tan - ta-ra, Tzing, boom

Bow, bow, ye low - er mid - dle class - es, Bow, bow, ye

Bow, bow, ye low - er mid - dle class - es, Bow, bow, ye

trades-men, bow, ye mass - es, Blow the _trum - pets, bang the _brass - es,

trades-men, bow, ye mass - es, Blow the _trum - pets, bang the _brass - es,

Tan - tan - ta-ra! Tan - tan - ta-ra!

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom! Tzing,

p *cresc.*

Tan - tan - ta-ra!

boom, tzing, boom! Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

p
Blow, blow the trum-pets, bang the brass-es!

p
Blow, blow the trum-pets, bang the brass-es!

p *stacc.*

Blow, blow the trum-pets, bang the brass-es!

Blow, blow the trum-pets, bang the brass-es!

cresc.
Blow, blow the trum-pets, Blow, blow the trum-pets!

cresc.
Blow, blow the trum-pets, Blow, blow the trum-pets!

cresc.

(K)

Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta, Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta,

Bang, bang the brass - es, boom! Bang, bang the

(K)

Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta, Tan-ta-ra, ta ta tan-ta-ra, ta ta, Tan-ta-ra, ta ta tan-ta-ra, ta ta,

brass - es, boom!

Tzing, boom!

Tzing, boom!

Tan-ta-ra, ta ta ta ta ta ta,

Bow, ye

Tzing, boom, tzing, boom!

Bow, ye

low - er mid - dle class-es, Bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye mass-es, Bow, ye

low - er mid - dle class-es, Bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye mass-es, Bow, ye

low - er mid - dle class-es, Bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye mass - es. Tan - tan - ta -

low - er mid - dle class-es, Bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye mass - es. Tan - tan - ta -

ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -

ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -

ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -

ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta -

ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, ra, ra, ra, ra! Tan-ta-

ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, ra, ra, ra, ra! Tan-ta-

The first system consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in B-flat major (two flats) with lyrics 'ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, ra, ra, ra, ra! Tan-ta-'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with lyrics 'ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, ra, ra, ra, ra! Tan-ta-'. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

ra! Tan-ta - ra!_

ra! Tan-ta - ra!_

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has lyrics 'ra! Tan-ta - ra!_'. The piano part has lyrics 'ra! Tan-ta - ra!_'. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking.

ff

ra *

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line is silent. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking. The system ends with a piano solo marked with a fermata and the word 'ra' followed by an asterisk.

No. 7. "The law is the true embodiment"

Song and Chorus

Lord Chancellor and Peers

(Enter the Lord Chancellor during the introduction.)

Allegro vivace

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegro vivace'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The introduction starts with a forte (f) dynamic in the bass clef, featuring a descending eighth-note scale. The melody in the treble clef enters in the third measure. The score is divided into five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line in the fifth system.

Allegro vivace

ff

Lord Chancellor

The Law is the true em-bod-i-ment Of ev-'ry-thing that's

p

ex-cel-lent. It has no kind of fault or flaw, And I, my lords, em-

bod-y the Law.

The con-sti-tu-tion-al

p

guard-ian I Of pret-ty young wards in Chan-ce-ry, All ver-y a-gree-a-ble

girls and none Are o-ver the age of twen-ty-one.

A

Chorus

pleas-ant oc-cu-pa-tion for A rath-er sus-cep-ti-ble Chan-cel-lor! A

of Peers

pleas-ant oc-cu-pa-tion for A rath-er sus-cep-ti-ble Chan-cel-lor!

Lord Chancellor

2. But though the com - pli-

ment im-plied In-flates me with le - git - i - mate pride, It nev - er - the - less can't

be de-nied, That it has its in - con - ve - ni - ent side.

For I'm not so old, and not so plain, And I'm quite prepared to

mar - ry a - gain, But ther'd be the duce to pay in the Lords If I

fell in love with one of my wards! Which

Chorus
rath - er tries my tem - per, for I'm *such* a sus-cep-ti-ble Chan - cel-lor! Which

of Peers
rath - er tries his tem - per, for He's *such* a sus-cep-ti-ble Chan - cel-lor!

Lord Chancellor

3. And ev - 'ry-one who'd

one for thou—and one for thee— But nev-er, oh nev-er a one for me!

Which is ex-as-per-at-ing, for A high-ly sus-cep-ti-ble

Chorus of Peers

Chan-cel-lor! Which is ex-as-per-at-ing, for A high-ly sus-cep-ti-ble

Chan-cel-lor!

Chorus

here! Oh rap-ture, how beau-ti-ful! How gen-tle, how du-ti-ful!

As a Barcarole

Lord Tol.

Of all the young la-dies I know, — This pret-ty young la-dy's the

fair-est: Her lips have the ro-si-est show, — Her eyes are the rich-est and

rare-est. Her or-i-gin's low-ly, it's true, — But of birth and po-si-tion I've

plen-ty; I've gram-mar and spell-ing for two, And birth and be - ha - viour for

twen - ty! Ah, Her

Peers

p

Ah,

p

Ah,

or - i - gin's low - ly, it's true— I've gram - mar and

spell-ing for two; Of birth and po - si - tion I've plen - ty, With
pp Of birth and po - si - tion he's plen - ty, With
pp Of birth and po - si - tion he's plen - ty, With

blood and be - ha - viour for twen - ty! Of birth and po - si - tion I've
cresc. blood and be - ha - viour for twen - ty! With blood and be -
cresc. blood and be - ha - viour for twen - ty! With blood and be -
cresc.

plen - ty, With blood and be - ha - viour for twen - ty!
rall. *a tempo*
colla voce p ha - viour for twen - ty!
colla voce p ha - viour for twen - ty!
f *colla voce dim.* *p* *dolce* *a tempo*

Lord Mount.

D

Though the views of the house have di - verged — On

8

*p**cresc.*

ev - 'ry conceiv - a - ble motion. All ques - tions of par - ty are merged — In a

cresc.

fren - zy of love and de - vo - tion! If you ask us distinct - ly to say — What

*p**p*

par - ty we claim to be - long to, We re - ply with - out doubt or de - lay, — The

(E)

par - ty we're sing - ing this song to! ——— If you ask ——— us dis -

tinct-ly to say, We re - ply ——— with-out doubt or de-lay, The par - ty we claim to be -

long to Is the par - ty we're singing this song to! The par - ty we claim to be -

(F) *rall.* *a tempo*

long to's The par - ty we're sing-ing this song to!

colla voce *dim.* *p*

Phyllis

I'm ver-y much pained to re- fuse, — But I'll stick to my pipes and my

^G ta-bors, I can spell all the words that I use, — And my gram-mar's as good as my

neigh-bours', As for birth, I was born like the rest, — My be- ha-viour is rus-tic but

heart-y, And I know where to turn for the best When I want a par-tic - u - lar par - ty!

Ah! —————

Though my sta - tion is
Ld. Tol. & Ld. Mount.

Though her sta - tion is

p
Ah! —————

p
Ah! —————

Piano accompaniment: Treble and Bass staves with chords and eighth-note patterns.

none of the best, I sup - pose ——— I was born like the rest. I know where to look for my

none of the best, I sup - pose ——— She was born like the rest. She knows where to look for her

p
She knows where to look for her

p
She knows where to look for her

Piano accompaniment: Treble and Bass staves with chords and eighth-note patterns.

cresc.

heart - y, When I want a partic - u - lar par - ty, I know where to look for my

heart - y, When she wants a partic - u - lar par - ty, She knows where to

cresc.

heart - y, When she wants a partic - u - lar par - ty, She knows where to

cresc.

heart - y, When she wants a partic - u - lar par - ty, She knows where to

rall. (H)

heart-y, When-ev-er I want a par-ty, For my par - ty,

p colla voce

look for a par-ty, For her par - ty,

p colla voce f a tempo

look for a par-ty, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,

p f

look for a par-ty, Ah, ah, ah, ah,

rall. (H) *a tempo*

dim. colla voce f

p *stacc.* *pp*

I know where to look for my par-ty, my

p *stacc.* *pp*

She knows where to look for her par-ty, her

dim. *p* *stacc.* *pp*

ah, — She knows where to look for her par-ty, her

dim. *p* *stacc.* *pp*

ah, — She knows where to look for her par-ty, her

dim. *p*

par - ty. —

par - ty. —

par - ty. —

par - ty. —

pp

Ad. *

Segue No. 9

No. 9. "Nay, tempt me not"

Recitative and Chorus

Phyllis and Peers

Moderato

Recit.
Phyllis

Nay,

tempt me not, To — wealth I'll not be bound— In low-ly cot A -

Chorus

lone is vir-tue found. No, no, in-deed high rank will nev-er hurt you—

The peer-age is — not — des-ti-tute — of vir - tue.

p sostenuto

Segue No. 10

No. 10. "Spurn not the nobly born"

73

Song and Chorus
Lord Tolloller and Peers

Andante espress.

Lord Tolloller

Spurn not the no - bly born, With love — af - fect - ed!

Nor treat with vir-tuous scorn The well con-nect - ed! High rank in-volves no shame,

We boast an e-qual claim With him of hum-ble name To be res-pect - ed!

cresc.

Blue blood, blue blood! When vir-tuous love is sought, Thy

p

power is'— naught, Though dat-ing from the Flood, Blue blood, — ah, blue blood!

Chorus
TENORS

When vir-tuous love is sought, Thy power is — naught, Though dat-ing from the Flood, Blue blood,

BASSES

When vir-tuous love is sought, Thy power is — naught, Though dat-ing from the Flood, — Blue

f

Lord Tol.
— ah, blue blood! Spare us the bit-ter pain Of stern de - ni - als,
blood, blue blood!

p

Nor with low-born dis-dain Aug-ment — our tri - als; Hearts just as pure and fair

cresc. molto *f*
May beat in Bel-grave Square As in the low-ly air Of Sev-en Di - als!

Blue blood, blue blood! Of what a-vail art thou To

serve us — now? Though dat-ing from the Flood, Blue blood, — ah, blue blood!

Chorus
TENORS

Of what a-vail art thou To serve us now? Though dating from the Flood, Blue blood,

BASSES

Of what a-vail art thou To serve us now? Though dating from the Flood, Blue

f

rall.

Lord Tol.

Recit.
Phyllis

Ah, blue blood!

My

— ah, blue blood!

blood, ah, blue blood!

a tempo

dim.

p

Segue No. 11

Recit.
Lord Ch.

(Enter Strephon,

And who has dared to brave our high dis - plea-sure, And thus de -

Phyllis rushes to his arms.)

Recit.
Strephon

fy our de - fi - nite com - mand! 'Tis I, young Stre-phon! mine this price-less

treasure!

A-gainst the world

I claim my dar-ling's

Allegro non troppo

hand!

p
A

shepherd I,
Ld. Tol. with 1st Tenors

Of Ar - ca - dy; Be

A shep - herd he,
Ld. Mount. & Ld. Ch. with 1st Basses

A shep - herd he,
Of Ar - ca - dee;

pp

troth'd are we, And mean to be es - poused to - day.

Be - troth'd are they, Es - poused to - day.

Be - troth'd are they, Es - poused to - day.

sempre p

sempre p

sempre p

p stacc.

(F) shep-herd I, Of A - ca - dy, A shep-herd I, Of Ar - ca - dy; Be -

shep-herd he, Of A - ca - dee, A shep-herd he, Of Ar - ca - dee; Be -

shep-herd he, Of A - ca - dee, A shep-her he, Of Ar - ca - dee; Be -

(F)

troth'd are we, Be-troth'd are we, And mean to be es-poused to-day!

troth'd are they, Be-troth'd are they, And mean to be es-poused to-day!

troth'd are they, Be-troth'd are they, And mean to be es-poused to-day!

G Lord Tol.

'Neath this blow, worse than stab of dag-ger, Though we mo-men-ta-ri-ly stag-ger,
Lord Mount.

'Neath this blow, worse than stab of dag-ger, Though we mo-men-ta-ri-ly stag-ger,

G

In each heart Proud are we in-nate-ly, Let's de-part Dig-ni-fied and state-ly!

In each heart Proud are we in-nate-ly, Let's de-part Dig-ni-fied and state-ly!

Chorus of Peers

TENORS

Let's de - part Dig - ni - fied and state - ly, Dig - ni - fied and state - ly,

BASSES

Let's de - part Dig - ni - fied and state - ly,

p

Dig - ni - fied and state - ly,

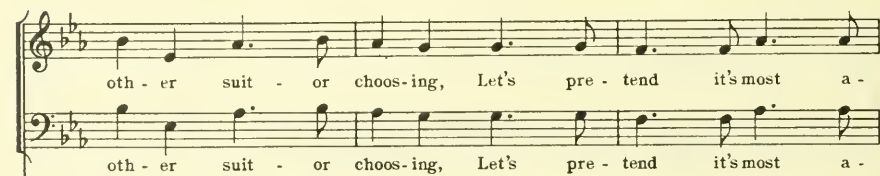
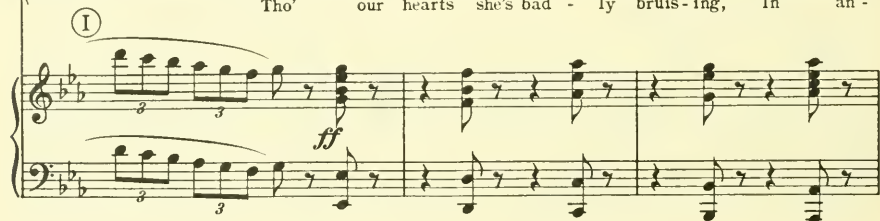
Dig - ni - fied and state - ly, Dig - ni - fied and state - ly,

p

p Dig - ni - fied and state - ly!

p Dig - ni - fied and state - ly!

p *cresc.*



mus-ing, Let's pre-tend it's most a-mus-ing, Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha,

mus-ing, Let's pre-tend it's most a-mus-ing, Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha,

ff

ha! ha, ha, ha! Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-

ha! ha, ha, ha! Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-

ra! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Tan-ta-ra!

ra! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Tan-ta-ra!

Tan-ta-ra!

Tan-ta-ra!

ff

Fin. *

Exeunt all the Peers, marching round stage with much dignity. Lord Chancellor separates Phyllis from Strephon, and order her off.

Ld. Chan.: Now, sir, what excuse have you to offer for having disobeyed an order of the court of Chancery?

Strephon: My lord, I know no court of Chancery; I go by Nature's acts of Parliament. The bees, the breeze, the seas, the rocks, the brooks, the gales, the vales, the fountains, and the mountains, cry, "You love this maiden; take her, we command you!" 'Tis writ in heaven by the bright-barbed dart that leaps forth into lurid light from each grim thunder-cloud. The very rain pours forth her sad and sodden sympathy. When chorused Nature bids me take my love, shall I reply, "Nay, but a certain Chancellor forbids it"? Sir, you are England's Lord High Chancellor, but are you Chancellor of birds and trees, king of the winds and prince of thunder-clouds?

Ld. Chan.: No. It's a nice point; I don't know that I ever met it before. But my difficulty is, that at present there's no evidence before the court that chorused Nature has interested herself in the matter.

Strephon: No evidence? You have my word for it. I tell you that she bade me take my love.

Ld. Chan.: Ah! but, my good sir, you mustn't tell us what she told you; it's not evidence. Now, an affidavit from a thunder-storm or a few words on oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

Strephon: And have you the heart to apply the prosaic rules of evidence to a case which bubbles over with poetical emotion?

Ld. Chan.: Distinctly. I have always kept my duty strictly before my eyes; and it is to that fact that I owe my advancement to my present distinguished position.

No. 12. "When I went to the Bar as a very young man"

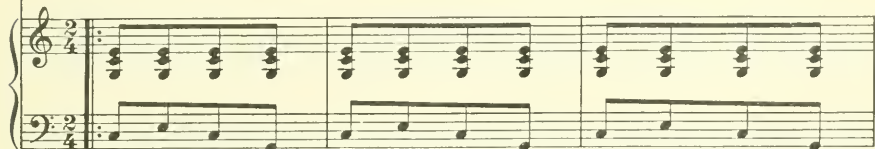
Song

Lord Chancellor

Allegro comodo

Lord Chan.

1. When I went to the Bar as a ver - y young man, (Said
 3. Ere I go in - to court I will read my brief through, (Said



I to my-self - said I,) I'll work on a new and o -
 I to my-self - said I,) And I'll nev - er take work I'm un -



rig - i - nal plan, (Said I to my-self - said I,) I'll
 a - ble to do, (Said I to my-self - said I,) My



nev - er as - sume that a rogue or a thief Is a gen - tle - man wor - thy im -
learn - ed pro - fes - sion I'll nev - er dis - grace By tak - ing a fee with a

pli - cit be - lief, Be - cause his at - tor - ney has sent me a brief, (Said
grin on my face, When I have - n't been there to at - tend to the case, (Said

I to my - self - said II)
I to my - self - said II)

2. I'll nev - er throw dust in a ju - ry - man's eyes, (Said
4. In oth - er pro - fes - sions in which men en - gage, (Said

I to my - self — said I,) Or hood-wink a judge who is
I to my - self — said I,) The Ar - my, the Na - vy, the

not o - ver-wise, (Said I to my - self — said I,) Or as -
Church, and the Stage, (Said I to my - self — said I,) Pro -

sume that the wit - ness - es sum - moned in force In Ex -
fes - sion - al li - cence, if car - ried too far, Your

che - quer, Queen's Bench, Com - mon Pleas, or Di - vorce Have
chance of pro - mo - tion will cer - tain - ly mar — And I

per-jured them-selves as a mat-ter of course, (Said I to my-self said
fan-cy the rule might ap-ply to the Bar,

1.) 1. 2.

p *f*

(Exit Lord Chancellor)

(Iolanthe enters)

Strephon: (*in tears*)

Oh, Phyllis! Phyllis! To be taken from you just as I was on the point of making you my own! Oh, it's too much! it is too much!

Iolanthe: My son in tears, and on his wedding-day?

Strephon: My wedding-day! Oh, mother, weep with me, for the law has interposed between us, and the Lord Chancellor has separated us for ever!

Iolanthe: The Lord Chancellor!—(*aside*) Oh, if he did but know!

Strephon: (*overhearing her*) If he did but know—what?

Iolanthe: No matter. The Lord Chancellor has no power over you. Remember, you are half a fairy; you can defy him—down to the waist.

Strephon: Yes, but from the waist downward he can commit me to prison for years. Of what avail is it that my body is free if my legs are working out seven years' penal servitude?

Iolanthe: True. But take heart: our queen has promised you her special protection. I'll go to her and lay your peculiar case before her.

Strephon: My beloved mother, how can I repay the debt I owe you?

(As the Finale commences the Peers appear at the back, advancing unseen and on tiptoe. Mountararat and Tolloller lead Phyllis between them who listens in horror to what she hears.)

No. 13. "When darkly looms the day"

Finale of Act I

Ensemble

Moderato

p

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system features a treble clef staff with a melodic line of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass clef staff with a more rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes and chords. The second system continues the melodic development in the treble and provides harmonic support with sustained chords and moving lines in the bass.

Strephon

(A)

Phyl.

When dark-ly looms the day, And all is dull and grey, To

This system contains the vocal entry for Strephon (marked with a circled 'A') and the piano accompaniment. Strephon's melody is in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, featuring chords and moving lines that support the vocal line.

(speaking aside to Mount.) What was that?

Lord Mount.

chase the gloom a-way, On thee I'll call!

I think I heard him say, That

This system contains the vocal entry for Lord Mount and the piano accompaniment. Lord Mount's melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, providing harmonic support with chords and sustained notes.

on a rain - y day, To while the time a-way, On her he'd call. Chorus
TENORS
We
BASSES
We
p

think we heard him say, That on a rain - y day, To while the time a-way, On her he'd
think we heard him say, That on a rain - y day, To while the time a-way, On her he'd

(B)
Iolanthe
call! When tem-pests wreck thy bark, And all is drear and dark, If
call!

(B)

Phyl. (*speaking aside to Tolloller*): What was that?

Lord Tol.

thou shouldst need an Ark, I'll give thee one!

I heard the minx re-mark, She'd

meet him af-ter dark, In - side St. James's Park, And give him one!

Chorus

TENORS

We

BASSES

We

heard the minx re-mark, She'd meet him af-ter dark, In - side St. James's Park, And give him

heard the minx re-mark, She'd meet him af-ter dark, In - side St. James's Park, And give him

C

Phyllis

The pros-pect's ver - y bad, My heart so sore and sad Will

Iolanthe

The pros-pect's not so bad, Thy heart so sore and sad May

Lord Tol.

Strephon

The pros-pect's not so bad, My heart so sore and sad May

TENORS

The pros-pect's not so bad, My heart so sore and sad May

one!

BASSES

one!

C

nev - er more be glad As sum-mer's sun! For when the sky is dark, And

ver - y soon be glad As sum-mer's sun! For when the sky is dark, And

ver - y soon be glad As sum-mer's sun! For when the sky is dark, And

ver - y soon be glad As sum-mer's sun! For when the sky is dark, And

pp

temp-ests wreck his bark, If he should need an Ark, She'll give him

temp-ests wreck thy bark, If thou shouldst need an Ark, She'll give thee

temp-ests wreck thy bark, If thou shouldst need an Ark, She'll give thee

temp-ests wreck my bark, If I should need an Ark, She'll give me

one, Give him one, Ah, one!

one, Ah, give thee one, Ah, give thee one!

one, Ah, give thee one, Ah, give thee one!

Lord Mount.

Ah! give him one, give him one!

one, Ah, one!

Allegro agitato

Phyllis

*long cadenza
ad libitum*

Ah! _____ Oh

(Iolanthe and Strephon much confused)

shame - less one, trem - ble! Nay, do not en-deav - our Thy fault to dis-sem - ble; We

Str.

part, and for ev - er! I wor-shipped him blind - ly, He wor - ships an-oth - er! At-

tend to me kind - ly, This la - dy's my moth-er! This

-Lord Tol.

Strephon

Chorus
TENORS

Chorus
BASSES

la - dy's his *what?* This la - dy's my moth-er! This la - dy's his *what?* He

TENORS & BASSES

says she's his moth-er! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

f

Più vivo

ha!

ff con forza

They point derisively to Iolanthe, laughing heartily at her. She clings for protection to Strephon.

Enter Lord Chancellor; Iolanthe veils herself.

Ld. Chan.

What means this mirth un - seem - ly, That shakes the

p

(E)
Ld. Tol.

list-'ning earth? The joke is good ex - treme - ly, And jus - ti - fies our

mirth.

Ld. Mount.

This gen-tle-men is seen, With a maid of sev-en-teen, A

taking of his dol - ce far men - te; And wonders he'd a-chieve, For he

(F)
asks us to be-lieve She's his moth-er— and he's near - ly five - and - twen -

Ld. Chan.

ty! Rec-ol - lect your-self, I pray, And be care-ful what you say— As the

ancient Ro-man said *fe - sti - na - len - te.* For I real-ly do not see How so

young a girl could be The moth-er of a man of five - and - twen -

Chorus of Peers

ty! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Stroph.

My Lord, of ev-i-dence I have no dearth— She is— has

rall.

Andante espressivo

been— my moth-er, from my birth! In ba-by-hood Up-

on her lap I lay, With in-fant food She mois-ten-ed my clay:

Had she with held The suc-cour she sup-plied, By hun-ger quelled, Your Stre-phon

Ld. Chan.

might have died!

Had that re-fresh-ment been de-nied,

Chorus of Peers

In-deed our Stre-phon might have died!

Had that re-fresh-ment been de-nied,

cresc.

Ld. Mount.

In-deed our Stre-phon might have died!

But as she's not His

moth-er, it ap-pears, Why weep these hot Un-ne-ces-sa-ry tears?

And by what laws Should we so joy-ous - ly Re - joice, be-cause Our Stre-phon

did - n't die? Oh rath-er let us pipe our eye,

Chorus of Peers

Be-cause our Stre-phondid - n't die! That's ver - y true—let's pipe our eye,

cresc.

Recit.
Phyllis

Be-cause our Stre-phondid - n't die! Go, trait'rous one—

p *p* *fp*

for ev - er we must part: To one of you, my Lords, I give my

Allegro **Chorus of Peers** **Strephon** **Chorus of Peers** **Strephon**

heart! Oh rap-ture! Hear me, Phyl-lis! Oh rap-ture! Ere you

Phyllis

Not a word; you did de - ceive me! you did de -

leave me! Hear me, Phyl-lis!

ceive me!

TENORS **BASSES**

Not a word; you did de - ceive, you did de - ceive her!

Not a word; you did de - ceive, you did de - ceive her!

Allegretto Phyllis

For rich-es and rank I do not long—Their plea-sures are false and
rich-es and rank that you be-fall Are the on - ly baits you

p

vain: I gave up the love of a lord - ly throng For the
use, So the rich-est and rank-i-est of you all My

love of a sim-ple swain. But now that sim-ple swain's un-true, With
sor-row-ful heart shall choose. As none are so no-ble-none so rich As this

sor-row-ful heart I turn to you — A heart that's ach-ing, Quak-ing,
cou-ple of lords, I'll find a niche — In my heart that's ach-ing, Quak-ing,

cresc.

riten. 1. a tempo

break-ing, As sor-row-ful hearts are wont to do! The
break-ing, For one of you two and I don't care

dim. *p* *colla voce*

Allegro con brio

2.

which! To you I give my heart so rich! I do not

Ld. Tol., Ld. Mount., & Cho. of Peers

To which?

Allegro con brio

2.

p

care! To you I yield it is — my doom! I'm not a -

To whom?

(L)

ware! I'm yours for life if you but choose. That's your af-

She's whose?

fair; I'll be a coun- tess, shall I not? I do not

Of what?

(M) Chorus

care! Luck- y lit- tle la- dy! Stre-phon's lot is

Luck- y lit- tle la- dy! Stre-phon's lot is

(M)

ff

sha - dy; Rank, it seems, is vi - tal, "Coun-tes" is the

sha - dy; Rank, it seems, is vi - tal, "Coun-tes" is the

ti - tle, But of what I'm not a - ware! I'm not a -

ti - tle, But of what I'm not a - ware! I'm not a -

Yes Countess

ware! But of what I'm not a -

ware! But of what I'm not a -

t, t-le 8

ware! But of what I'm not a-ware!

ware! But of what I'm not a-ware!

(N) *Recit. Stroph.*

Can I in-active see my for-tunes fade? No,

a tempo **Cho. of Peers** *Stroph.* **Cho. of Peers** *Recit. Stroph.*

no! Ho, ho! No, no! Ho, ho! Might-y pro-tec-tress,

(O) *a tempo*

has-ten to my aid!

Chorus of Fairies

Trip-ping

hith - er, trip - ping thith - er, No - bod - y knows why or

whith - er; Why you

want us we don't know, But you've sum - moned us, and

②

so En - ter all the lit - tle fair - ies To their u - sual trip - ping

f

mea - sure! — To ob - lige you all our care is— Tell us,

pray, what is your plea - sure!

p

Più vivo

Stroph.

The la - dy of my love has caught me talking to an - oth - er—

p

Chorus of Peers

Streph.

Oh, fie! Our Stre-phon is a rogue! I tell her ver-y plain-ly that the

Chorus of Peers

Streph.

la-dy is my moth-er— Ta-ra-did-dle, ta-ra-did-dle, tol lol lay! She

(R)

won't be-lieve my state-ments, and de- clares we must be part-ed, Be-

cause on a ca-reer of dou-ble deal-ing I have start-ed, Then

gives her hand to one of these, and leaves me bro - ken heart - ed—

Chorus of Peers

Queen ^(S)

Ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle, tol lol lay! Ah cru - el ones, to part two faith - ful

sempre p

Fairies

Queen

lov - ers from each oth - er! Oh, fie! our Stre - phon's not a rogue! You've

done him an in - jus tice, for the la - dy is his moth - er!

Chorus of Fairies

Ld. Chan.

Ta ra did dle, ta-ra-did-dle, tol lol lay! That fa-ble p'rhaps may serve his turn as

well as an - y oth - er. I did - n't see her face, but if they

fon - dled one an - oth - er, And she's but sev - en - teen— I don't be -

lieve it was his moth - er! ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle,

Chorus

(T)

Ld. Tol.

Tol tol lay!

I have of-ten had a use For a

*cresc.**f**p*

thor-ough-bred ex-cuse Of a sud-den (which is Eng-lish for "re-pen-te") But of

all I ev-er heard This is much the most ab-surd, For she's

Fairies

sev-en-teen, and he is five and twen-ty!

Tho' she is sev-en-teen, and he is
Peers

For she is sev-en-teen, and he is

*cresc.**f*

four or five-and-twenty! Oh fie, our Strephon is no rogue!

four or five-and-twenty! Oh fie, our Strephon is a rogue!

① Ld. Mount.

Now list-en, pray, to me, For this par-a-dox will be Car-ried

cresc. *fz* *p*

no-bo- dy at all con-tra-di - cen - te. Her age, up- on the date Of his

birth was mi - nus eight, If she's sev - en - teen, and he is five and

cresc.

(V)

Fairies

twen - ty! If she is sev - en - teen, and he is on - ly five-and - twen - ty!

Peers *f*

If she is sev - en - teen, and he is on - ly five-and - twen - ty!

(V)

f

dim.

All the Principals except Queen, Iol., and Streph.

pp

(In a whisper) To say she is his moth - er is an ut - ter bit of fol - ly!

pp

To say she is his moth - er is an ut - ter bit of fol - ly!

pp

Oh fie, our Stre-phon's not a rogue! Per-haps his brain is ad-dled, And it's

Oh fie, our Stre-phon's not a rogue! Per-haps his brain is ad-dled, And it's

ver - y mel - an - cho - ly! Ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle, tol lol lay! I

ver - y mel - an - cho - ly! Ta - ra - did - dle, ta - ra - did - dle, tol lol lay! I

(W) would - n't say a word that could be con - strued as in - ju - rious, But to

would - n't say a word that could be con - strued as in - ju - rious, But to

(W)

cresc. molto

find a moth - er young - er than her son is ver - y cu - rious, And

cresc. molto

find a moth - er young - er than her son is ver - y cu - rious, And

cresc. molto

that's a kind of moth-er that is u - su - al - ly spu - rious!

that's a kind of moth-er that is u - su - al - ly spu - rious!

f unis.
Ta-ra-did-dle, ta-ra-did-dle, tol lol lay!

f unis.
Ta-ra-did-dle, ta-ra-did-dle, tol lol lay!

Allegro vivace
Ld. Chan.

Go a - way, mad-am, I should say, mad-am, You dis -

play, mad-am, Shock-ing taste. It is rude, mad-am, To in - trude, mad-am, With your

brood, mad-am, Bra-zen-faced! You come here, mad-am, In - ter - fere, mad-am, With a

peer, mad-am, (I am one.) You're a - ware, mad-am, What you dare, mad-am, So take

(X) Chorus of Fairies

care, mad-am, And be - gone! Let us stay, mad-am, I should say, mad-am, They dis-

play, mad-am, Shock-ing taste. It is rude mad-am, To al-lude, mad-am, To your

brood, mad-am, Bra-zen faced! We don't fear, mad-am, An-y peer, mad-am, Tho' my

dear, mad-am, This is one. They will stare, mad-am, When a-ware, mad-am, When they

(Y) Queen
dare, mad-am-What they've done! Beard-ed by these pu-ny

mor - tals! I will launch from fair - y

por - tals All the most ter - rif - ic thun - ders

Phyllis

In my ar - mour - y of won - ders! Should they

launch ter - rif - ic won - ders, All would then re -

(A)

pent — their blun-ders! Sure - ly these must

Queen

Beard - ed by these

Fairies

Let us stay, mad-am, I should say, mad-am, They dis -
Peers

Go a - way, mad-am, I should say, mad-am, You dis -

p

be — im - mor-tals! Should they launch from

pu - ny mor-tals! I will launch from

play, mad-am, Shocking taste. It is rude, mad-am, To al - lude, mad-am, To your

play, mad-am, Shocking taste. It is rude, mad-am, To in - trude, mad-am, With your

fair - y por - tals All their most ter -

fair - y por - tals All the most ter -

brood, mad-am, Bra-zen faced! We don't fear, mad-am, An - y peer, mad-am, Tho', my

brood, mad-am, Bra-zen faced! You come here, mad-am, In - ter - fere, mad-am, With a

rif - ic won - ders, We should then re -

rif - ic thun - ders In my ar - mour -

dear, mad-am, This is one! They will stare, mad-am, When a - ware, mad-am, What they

peer, mad-am, (I am one.) You're a - ware, mad-am, What you dare, mad-am, So take

pent our blun - y, of won - dare, mad-am, When a - ware, mad-am, What they've done! They will stare When a - care, mad-am, What you dare, mad-am, And be - gone! You're a - ware What you

cresc.

3 Sops. with Phyl.

ders! Should re - pent, ders!

ff

ware What they dare, What they've done, mad-am, They will stare, mad-am, When a - dare, So take care, And be - gone!

ff Unis, & 3 Sops. with Phyllis

ff

re - - - pent

ff
My - - - ar - - -

ware, mad - am, What they dare, mad - am, What they've done, mad - am, They will

You're a -

our blun - - -

mour - - - y of won - - -

stare, mad - am, When a - ware, mad - am, What they dare, mad - am, What they've

ware, mad - am, What you dare, mad - am, So take care, mad - am, And be -

C

ders!

ders!

done! They will stare, mad-am, When a - ware, What they dare, mad-am, What they've

gone! You're a - ware, mad-am, What you dare, So take care, mad-am, And be -

C

We should then, should

They will soon, will

done, mad-am, They will stare, mad-am, When a - ware, mad-am, What they

gone, mad-am, You're a - ware, mad-am, What you dare, mad-am, So take

then re - pent! _____

soon re - pent! _____ Oh!

dare, mad-am, What they've done! _____

care, mad-am, And be - gone! _____

Red. *

① One bar the same as two of the preceding movement.
Queen

Chan - cel-lor un - wa - ry, It's high - ly ne - ces - sa - ry Your

p

tongue to teach Re - spect-ful speech—Your at - ti-tude to va - ry! Your

(E)

bad - i - nage so air - y, Your man - ner ar - bi - tra - ry, Are

out of place When face to face With an in - flu - en - tial Fair - y!

(F)

Lord Chan.

Chorus of Men
TENORS *p*

We nev - er knew we were talking to An in - flu - ential Fair - y!

BASSES *p*

We nev - er knew we were talking to An in - flu - ential Fair - y!

(F)

p

plague on this va - ga - ry! I'm in a nice quan - da - ry! Of

p

has - ty tone With dames un-known I ought to be more cha - ry! It

⑥ seems that she's a fair - y From An - der-sen's Li - bra - ry, And I

took her for the pro - pri - e - tor Of a La - dies' Se - mi -

na-ry!

TENORS

We took her for The pro-pri-e - tor Of a Ladies' Se-mi -

BASSES

We took her for The pro-pri-e - tor Of a Ladies' Se-mi -

Recit.

Queen

When next your Hous-es do as-sem-ble, You may trem-ble!

na-ry!

na-ry!

Recit.

Celia

Our wrath, when gen-tle-men of-fend us Is tre-men-dous!

*mf**mf*

Recit.

Leila

They meet, who un-der-rate our call-ing, Doom ap-pall-ing!

(J) *Recit.*
Queen*a tempo*

Take down our sen-tence as we speak it, And he shall wreak it!

Chorus of Peers
TENORS
Ah, spare us!

BASSES
Ah, spare us!

Queen

1. Hence forth, Stre-phon, cast a - way
2. In the Par - lia - men - t'ry hive,

Crooks and pipes and rib-bons so gay! Flocks and herds that bleat and low;
Lib - ral or Con - serv - a - tive- Whig or To - ry- I don't know- But

(K) Chorus
Fairies

In - to Par-lia-ment you shall go!
in - to Par-lia-ment you shall go!

In - to Par-lia-ment he shall go!
f In - to Par-lia-ment he shall go!

(K)

f

Backed by our su - preme au - thor - i - ty, He'll com - mand a

Backed by their su - preme au - thor - i - ty, He'll com - mand a

large maj - or - i - ty: In - to Par-lia-ment, in - to Par-lia-ment,

large maj - or - i - ty: In - to Par-lia-ment, in - to Par-lia-ment,

Par - lia - ment, Par - lia - ment he shall go! In - to Par - lia - ment he shall

Par - lia - ment, Par - lia - ment he shall go! In - to Par - lia - ment he shall

pp

go! In - to Par - lia - ment, in - to Par - lia - ment,

pp

go! In - to Par - lia - ment, in - to Par - lia - ment,

p

2nd verse crescendo e rallentando

Par - lia - ment, Par - lia - ment he shall go! In - to Par - lia - ment he shall go!

Par - lia - ment, Par - lia - ment he shall go! In - to Par - lia - ment he shall go!

Queen (*speaks through the music*):

Every bill and every measure
That may gratify his pleasure,
Though your fury it arouses,
Shall be passed by both your Houses!

You shall sit, if he sees reason,
Through the grouse and salmon season:



He shall end the cherished rights He shall prick that annual blister, Titles shall ennoble, then,
You enjoy on Wednesday nights: Marriage with deceased wife's sister: All the Common Councilmen:



Peers shall teem in Christendom, And a Duke's exalted station

Be attainable by Com-
petitive Examination!

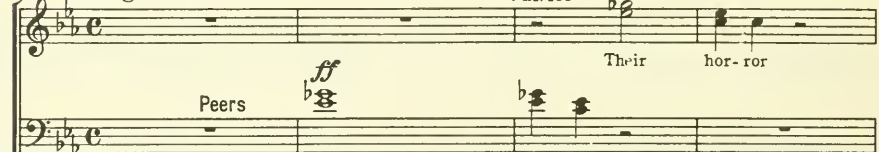


Chorus

Allegro molto

Fairies

ff



Peers

ff

Their hor-ror

Allegro molto

Oh,

hor-ror!



They can't dis- sem- ble! Nor hide the fear — that makes them trem - ble!

Red. *

Allegro marziale

Phyllis & Leila with 1st Sops.

Celia, Iolanthe, & Queen
with 2nd Sops.

With Stre - phon for your foe, no doubt, A

Lord Tol. with 1st Tenors

Lord Mount., Strephon, &
Ld. Ch. with Bases

Young Stre - phon is the kind of lout We

Allegro marziale

fear - ful pros - pect o - pens out! And who shall say What e - vils may Re -

do not care a fig a - bout! We can - not say What e - vils may Re -

sult in con-se-quence! A hid-eous ven-geance will pur-sue All

sult in con-se-quence! But Lord-ly ven-geance will pur-sue All

no-ble-men who ven-ture to Op-pose his views, Or bold-ly choose To

kinds of com-mon peo-ple who Op-pose our views, Or bold-ly choose To

of-fer him of-fence. 'Twill plunge them in-to grief and shame, His

of-fer us of-fence.

kind for-bear-ance they must claim, If they'd es-cape, In an - y shape A

ver - y pain-ful wretch.

Your pow'rs we daunt-less - ly pooh-poo: A dire re-venge will

(The word "prestige" is French,) The
fall on you If you be-siege Our high prestige.

(N)

*cresc.*word "*prestige*" is French:)

Al-though our threats you now pooh-pooh, A dire re-venge will

Your pow'rs we daunt-less-ly pooh-pooh, A dire re-venge will

(N)

cresc.

fall on you. With Stre-phon for your foe no doubt, A fear-ful pros-pect

fall on you. Young Stre-phon is the kind of lout We do not care a

o-pens out! And who shall say What e-vils may Re-sult in con-se-quence?

fig a-bout! We can-not say What e-vils may Re-sult in con-se-quence. Our

①

(That word is French.)

lord - lystyle You shall not quench With base *canaille!* Dis -

①

p

(A Lat - in word.)

tinc - tionebbs Be - fore a herd Of vul - gar *plebs!* 'Twould

(A Greek re - mark.)

fill with joy And mad - ness stark The *hoi - pol - loi!* One

Lat - in word, one Greek re-mark, And one that's French!

p

lord - ly style We'll quick - ly quench With base *ca-naille-* *can nye* Dis -

(That word is French!)

tinc - tion ebbs Be - fore a herd Of vul - gar *plebs!* *plebs*

(A Lat - in word!)

'Twill

(A Lat - in word!)

fill with joy And mad - ness stark The *hoi - pol - loi!*

One

(A Greek re-mark)

Lat - in word, one Greek re-mark, And one that's French! With

Young

(R)

- Stre - phon for your foe, no doubt, A fear - ful pros - pect o - pens out! And

Stre - phon is the kind of lout We do not care a fig a - bout! We

(R)

who shall say What e - vils may Re - sult in con - se - quence? A

can - not say What e - vils may Re - sult in con - se - quence, But

fz

hid - eous ven - geance will pur - sue All no - ble - men who ven - ture to Op -

lord - ly ven - geance will pur - sue All kinds of com - mon peo - ple who Op -

pose his views, Or bold - ly choose To of - fer him of - fence. We will not

pose our views, Or bold - ly choose To of - fer us of - fence. You

ff

ff

wait, _____ We go sky - high! _____ Our threat-ened

need - n't wait, A - way you fly! Your threat - ened hate We thus de - fy! You

8

hate You won't de -

need - n't wait, A - way you fly! Your threat - ened hate We thus, we thus de -

8

T fy! We will not wait, We go sky high! Our threat - ened

fy! You need - n't wait, A - way you fly! Your threat - ened

T 8

hate You won't de - fy! We go, we

hate We thus de - fy! A - way, a -

(U)

go! We go sky - high! Our threat-ened hate You

way! A - way you fly! Your threat-ened hate We

won't de - fy! You won't de -

thus de - fy! We thus de -

(V)

fy! You won't, you won't de - fy, You won't, you won't de -

fy! We thus, we thus de - fy, We thus, we thus de -

(V)

fy!

fy!

ff

Red.

Peers and Fairies take attitudes of defiance.

End of Act I

Scene: Palace Yard, Westminster, Westminster Hall, L. Private Willis discovered on Sentry, R. Night.

No. 14. "When all night long a chap remains"

Song

Private Willis

Allegretto moderato

f

p

(A)

cresc.

ff

Pvt. Willis

1. When

B

Moderato

all night long a chap re-mains On sen-try-go, to chase mo-not-o-ny He
in that House M. P.'s di-vide, If they've a brain and cer-e-bel-lum, too, They've

ex-er-cis-es of his brains, That is, as-sum-ing that he's got an-y. Tho'
got to leave that brain out-side, And vote just as their lead-ers tell 'em to. But

nev-er nur-tured in the lap Of lux-u-ry, Yet I ad-mon-ish you, I
then the pros-pect of a lot Of dull M.P.'s in close prox-im-i-ty, All

am an in-tel-lec-tual chap, And think of things that would as-ton-ish you. I
think-ing for them-selves, is what No man can face with e-qua-nim-i-ty. Then

oft-en think it's com-i-cal— Fal, la! la! Fal, la! la! How } Na-ture al-ways does con-trive—
 let's re-joyce with loud Fal-lal— Fal, la! la! Fal, la! la! That }

Fal, la! la, la! That ev-'ry boy and ev-'ry gal That's born in-to the

world a-live, Is ei-ther a lit-tle Lib-er-al, Or else a lit-tle Con-serv-a-tive!

Fal, la! la! Fal, la! la! Is ei-ther a lit-tle Lib-er-al, Or else a lit-tle Con-

serv-a-tive! Fal, la! la!

When

Enter Fairies, R., tripping, and led by Leila, Celis, and Fleta.

1. 2.

No. 15. "Strephon's a member of Parliament"

Chorus

Fairies and Peers

Allegro vivace

The musical score is written for piano and features a chorus of Fairies and Peers. It is in 6/8 time, B-flat major, and marked 'Allegro vivace'. The score consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The melody in the right hand is characterized by eighth-note patterns and rests, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth-note chords. The second system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The third system introduces a more active right-hand melody with sixteenth-note runs. The fourth system maintains this energy with similar right-hand patterns. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final chord in the right hand and a descending eighth-note line in the left hand, marked with a forte (f) dynamic. A circled 'D' is placed above the final measure of the right hand in the fifth system.

Fairies

Stre-phon's a mem-ber of Par - lia-ment! Car - ries ev - 'ry bill he choos - es.

To his mea - sures all as-sent;— Show-ing that fair - ies have their us - es.

Whigs and Tor - ies Dim their glo - ries,

Giv-ing an ear to all his sto - ries—Lords and Com-mons are both in the blues:

Stre-phon makes them shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes!

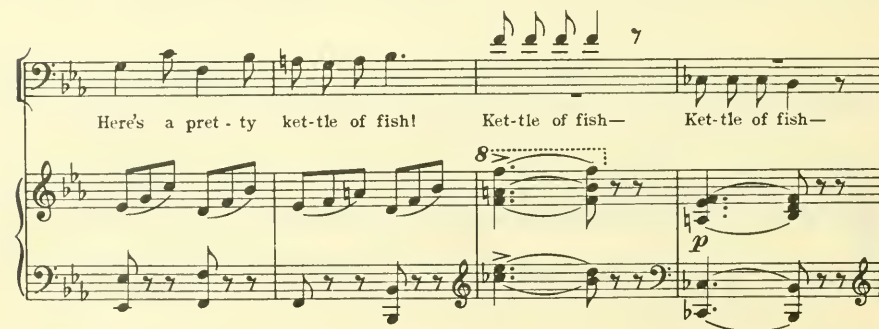
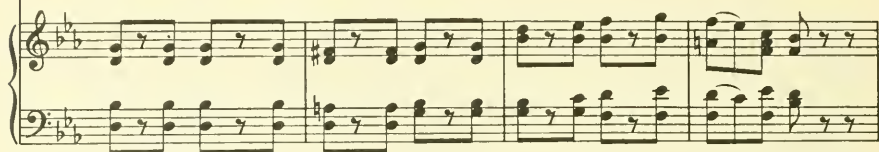
Shake in their shoes! Shake in their shoes! Stre-phon makes them shake in their shoes, in their shoes!

(F) unis.

shoes! Stre-phon's a mem-ber of Par - lia-ment!

(Enter Peers from Westminster Hall)

Run-ning a-muck of all a-bus - es, His un-qual - i - fied as-sent



Ket-tle of fish— Ket-tle of fish— Here's a pret-ty ket-tle, a ket-tle of

(G) Fairies

Stre-phon's a mem-ber of Par - lia-ment!

Peers

fish! Stre-phon's a mem-ber of Par - lia-ment!

(G)

Car - ries ev - 'ry bill — he choos - es. To his mea - sures all as-sent;—

Car - ries ev - 'ry bill he choos - es. To his mea - sures all as-sent;—

Car-rying ev-'ry bill he may wish, Car-rying ev-'ry bill he may wish:

Here's a pret-ty ket-tle of fish!

Here's a pret-ty ket-tle of fish!

(Enter Lords Tolloller and Mountararat)

Ld. Mount.: Perfectly disgraceful! disgusting!

Celia: You seem annoyed.

Ld. Mount.: Annoyed! I should think so! Why, this ridiculous protégé of yours is playing the deuce with everything! Tonight is the second reading of his bill to throw the peerage open to competitive examination.

— Ld. Toll.: And he'll carry it, too!

Ld. Mount.: Carry it? Of course he will! He's a Parliamentary Pickford—he carries everything.

Leila: Yes. If you please, that's our fault.

Ld. Mount.: The deuce it is!

Celia: Yes; we influence the members, and compel them to vote just as he wishes them to.

Leila: It's our system; it shortens the debates.

— Ld. Toll.: Well, but think what it all means! I don't so much mind for myself, but with a House of Peers with no grandfathers worth mentioning the country must go to the dogs.

Leila: I suppose it must.

Ld. Mount.: I don't want to say a word against brains—I've a great respect for brains; I often wish I had some myself—but with a House of Peers composed exclusively of people of intellect, what's to become of the House of Commons?

Leila: I never thought of that.

Ld. Mount.: This comes of women interfering in politics. It so happens that if there is an institution in Great Britain which is not susceptible of any improvement at all, it is the House of Peers.

No. 16. "When Britain really ruled the waves"

153

Song and Chorus

Lord Mountarat, Fairies and Peers

Maestoso

Lord Mountarat

1. When

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'Maestoso'. The piano part features a strong, rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The voice part enters with the lyrics '1. When Brit-ain real - ly ruled the waves-(In good Queen Bess-'s _ time)- The House of Peers made Wel-ling-ton thrashed Bo - na-parte, As ev - 'ry child can tell, The House of Peers through- while the House of Peers with-holds its leg - is - la - tive hand, And no - ble states-men no pre-tence, To in - tel - lec - tual em - in - ence, Or schol - ar - ship sub - lime; Yet out the war, Did noth - ing in par - ti - cu - lar, And did it ver - y well; Yet do not itch To in - ter - fere with mat - ters which They do not un - der - stand. As Brit - ain won her proud - est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days! Yet Brit - ain set the world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days! Yet bright will shine Great Brit - ain's rays, As in King George - 's glo - rious days! As'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, providing a steady harmonic and rhythmic foundation for the vocal melody.

Brit-ain real - ly ruled the waves-(In good Queen Bess-'s _ time)- The House of Peers made Wel-ling-ton thrashed Bo - na-parte, As ev - 'ry child can tell, The House of Peers through- while the House of Peers with-holds its leg - is - la - tive hand, And no - ble states-men

no pre-tence, To in - tel - lec - tual em - in - ence, Or schol - ar - ship sub - lime; Yet out the war, Did noth - ing in par - ti - cu - lar, And did it ver - y well; Yet do not itch To in - ter - fere with mat - ters which They do not un - der - stand. As

Brit - ain won her proud - est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days! Yet Brit - ain set the world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days! Yet bright will shine Great Brit - ain's rays, As in King George - 's glo - rious days! As

Chorus
Fairies

Brit - ain won her proud-est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days. Yes,
 Brit - ain set the world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days. Yes,
 bright will shine Great Brit - ain's rays, As in King George - 's glo - rious days. As

Peers
 Yes,
 Yes,
 As

ff

1. 2.
 2. When
 3. And

Brit - ain won her proud-est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days.
 Brit - ain set the world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days.
 bright will shine Great Brit - ain's rays, As in King George - 's glo - rious days.

Brit - ain won her proud-est bays In good Queen Bess - 's glo - rious days.
 Brit - ain set the world a - blaze In good King George - 's glo - rious days.
 bright will shine Great Brit - ain's rays, As in King George - 's glo - rious days.

1. 2.

ff

(Breunt Chorus of Peers)

- Leila: (*who has been much attracted by the Peers during the song*) Charming persons, are they not?
- Celia: Distinctly. For self-contained dignity, combined with airy condescension, give me a British representative peer!
- Ld. Toll.: Then, pray, stop this protégé of yours before it's too late. Think of the mischief you're doing!
- Leila: (*crying*) But we can't stop him now. (*Aside to Celia*) Aren't they lovely? (*Aloud*) Oh why did you go and defy us, you great geese?

No. 17. "In vain to us you plead"

Duet and Chorus

Leila, Celia, Fairies, Lord Mountararat and Lord Tolloller

Leila 1st Verse 1. In vain to us you
Celia 2nd Verse 2. Your dis - re - spect - ful

p staccato

p plead — Don't go! Your pray'rs we do not
sneers — Don't go! Call forth in - dig - nant

p heed — Don't go! It's true we sigh, But don't sup - pose A
tears — Don't go! You break our laws, You are our foe! We

tear - ful eye For - give - ness shows. Oh no! We're
cry, be - cause we hate you so. You know! You

cresc.

The musical score is written for a duet and chorus. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The third system continues the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The fourth system continues the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures. The vocal line includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

ver - y cross in - deed, Yes ver - y cross.
 ver - y wick - ed Peers! You wick - ed Peers!

f *dim.*

p (K) Chorus

Don't go! It's true we sigh— But don't sup-pose A
 Don't go! You break our laws, You are our foe! We

p

tear - ful eye For - give-ness shows Oh no! We're
 cry, be-cause We hate you so! You know! You

cresc.

p

ver - y cross in - deed, Yes, ver - y cross, Don't
 ver - y wick - ed Peers, You wick - ed Peers, Don't

f *dim.* *p*

1. go!

2. Ld. Tol. & Ld. Mount. go! Our dis-re-spect-ful sneers, ha, ha! Call forth in-dig-nant

Fairies Ld. Tol. & Ld. Mt. & Peers tears, ha, ha! If that's the case, my dears— Don't go! We'll go!

(Exeunt Mountararat and Tolloller. Fairies gaze wistfully after them. Enter Fairy Queen.)

- Queen: Oh, shame! shame upon you! Is this your fidelity to the laws you are bound to obey? Know ye not that it is death to marry a mortal?
- Leila: Yes; but it's not death to wish to marry a mortal.
- Fleta: If it were you'd have to execute us all.
- Queen: Oh, this is weakness! Subdue it!
- Celia: We know it's weakness, but the weakness is so strong!
- Leila: We are not all as tough as you are.
- Queen: Tough? Do you suppose that I am insensible to the effect of manly beauty? Look at that man (*referring to Pvt. Willis*). A perfect picture!— (*to Pvt. Willis*) Who are you, sir?
- Pvt. Willis: Private Willis, B Company, First Battalion Grenadier Guards.
- Queen: You're a fine fellow, sir.
- Pvt. Willis: I am generally admired.
- Queen: I can quite understand it.— (*To Fairies*) Now, here is a man whose physical attributes are simply godlike. That man has a most extraordinary effect upon me. If I yielded to a natural impulse I should fall down and worship that man. But I mortify this inclination; I wrestle with it, and it lies beneath my feet. This is how I treat my regard for that man.

No. 18. "Oh, foolish fay"

Song and Chorus

Queen and Fairies

Andante

Piano introduction in G-flat major, 3/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half rest followed by a quarter note G-flat, then a half note F, and a quarter note E. The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords. The piece is marked *p* (piano).

Queen

1. Oh, fool-ish fay, Think you, be - cause His brave ar - ray My bo - som
 2. On fire that glows With heat in - tense I turn the hose Of com - mon

thaws, I'd dis - o - bey Our fair - y laws? Be-cause I
 sense, And out it goes At small ex - pense! We must main -

fly In realms a - bove, In ten-den - cy To fall in
 tain Our fair - y law; That is the main On which to

love, Re-sem-ble I The am-'rous dove? Re - sem-ble I the am-'rous dove?
draw— In that we gain A Cap-tain Shaw! In that we gain A Cap-tain Shaw!

Oh, am-'rous dove! Type of O - vi - dius Na - so!
Oh, Cap-tain Shaw! Type of true love kept un - der!

This heart of mine Is soft as thine, Al - though I dare not say so!
Could thy Bri-gade With cold cas-cade Quench my great love, I won - der!

Chorus

Oh, am-'rous dove! Type of O - vi - dius Na - so!
Oh, Cap-tain Shaw! Type of true love kept un - der!

Queen

This heart of mine Is soft as thine, Al-though I dare not say so!
 Could thy' Bri-gade With cold cas-cade Quench my great love, I won - der! *awa*

(Exeunt Fairies sorrowfully, headed by Fairy Queen)
(Enter Phyllis)

Phyllis: *(half crying)* I can't think why I'm not in better spirits. I'm engaged to two noble-
 men at once. That ought to be enough to make any girl happy; but I'm miserable.
 Don't suppose it's because I care for Strephon, for I hate him! No girl would care for
 a man who goes about with a mother considerably younger than himself.

(Enter Lord Mountararat)

Ld.Mount.: Phyllis! my own!

Phyllis: Don't! How dare you? But perhaps you are one of the noblemen I'm engaged to?

Ld.Mount.: I'm one of them.

Phyllis: Oh! But how came you to have a peerage?

Ld.Mount.: It's a prize for being born first.

Phyllis: Oh, I see—a kind of Derby cup.

Ld.Mount.: Not at all. I'm of a very old and distinguished family.

Phyllis: And you're proud of your race? Of course you are; you won it. But why are people
 made peers?

Ld.Mount.: The principle is not easy to explain.

(Enter Lord Tolloller, L.)

Ld. Toll.: Phyllis! my darling! *(embraces her)*

Phyllis: Here's the other! Well, have you settled which it's to be?

Ld. Toll.: Not altogether; it's a difficult position. It would be hardly delicate to toss up. On
 the whole, we would rather leave it to you.

Phyllis: How can it possibly concern me? You are both earls, and you are both rich, and you
 are both plain.

Ld. Mount.: So we are. At least I am.

— Ld. Toll.: So am I.

Ld. Mount.: No, no!

— Ld. Toll.: Oh, I am indeed very plain.

Ld. Mount.: Well, well! perhaps you are.

Phyllis: There's really nothing to choose between you. If one of you would forego his title and distribute his estates among his Irish tenantry, why, then I should see a reason for accepting the other. (*Phyllis retires up*).

Ld. Mount.: Tolloller, are you prepared to make this sacrifice?

— Ld. Toll.: No!

Ld. Mount.: Not even to oblige a lady?

— Ld. Toll.: No!

Ld. Mount.: Then the only question is, which of us shall give way to the other? Perhaps, on the whole, she would be happier with me? I don't know; I may be wrong.

— Ld. Toll.: No, I don't know that you are. I really think that she would. But the painful part of the thing is, that if you rob me of the girl of my heart, one of us must perish.

Ld. Mount.: Again the question arises, which shall it be? Do you feel inclined to make this sacrifice?

— Ld. Toll.: No!

Ld. Mount.: Not even to oblige a gentleman?

— Ld. Toll.: Impossible! The Tollollers have invariably destroyed their successful rivals. It's a family tradition that I have sworn to respect.

Ld. Mount.: I see. Did you swear it before a commissioner?

— Ld. Toll.: I did, on affidavit.

Ld. Mount.: Then I don't see how you can help yourself.

— Ld. Toll.: It's a painful position, for I have a strong regard for you, George. (*shake hands*)

Ld. Mount.: (*much affected*) My dear Thomas!

— Ld. Toll.: You are very dear to me, George. We were boys together—at least *I* was. If I were to destroy you, my existence would be hopelessly embittered.

Ld. Mount.: Then, my dear Thomas, you must not do it. I say it again and again: if it will have this effect on you, you must not do it. No, no! If one of us is to destroy the other, let it be me.

— Ld. Toll.: No, no!

Ld. Mount.: Ah yes! By our boyish friendship I implore you. (*shake hands*)

— Ld. Toll.: (*much moved*) Well! well! be it so. But no, no! I cannot consent to an act which would crush you with unavailing remorse.

Ld. Mount.: But it would not do so. I should be very sad at first—oh! who would not be?—but it would wear off. I like you very much (*shake hands*) but not, perhaps, as much as you like me.

— Ld. Toll.: George, you're a noble fellow, but that tell-tale tear betrays you. No, George, you are very fond of me, and I cannot consent to give you a week's uneasiness on my account.

Ld. Mount.: But, dear Thomas, it would not last a week. Remember, you lead the House of Lords; on your demise I shall take your place. Oh, Thomas, it would not last a day!

— Ld. Toll.: It's very kind and thoughtful of you to look at it in that light, but there's no disguising it, George—we're in a very awkward position.

Phyllis: (*coming down*) Now, I do hope you're not going to fight about me, because it really isn't worth while.

— Ld. Toll.: I don't believe it is.

Ld. Mount.: Nor I. The sacred ties of friendship are paramount. No consideration shall induce me to raise my hand against Thomas.

— Ld. Toll.: And in my eyes the life of George is more sacred than love itself.

No. 19. "Tho' p'rhaps I may incur your blame"

Quartet

Phyllis, Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararat and Private Willis

Allegro moderato Lord Tol.

Tho' p'rhaps I may incur your blame, The

things are few I would not do In Friend - ship's

Lord Mount.

name! And I may say I think the same; Not

e - ven love Should rank a - bove True Friend - - ship's

(A)

Phyllis

name! Then free me, pray: be mine the blame: For - get your craze And

go your ways, In - Friend - ship's name - in Friend - ship's

(B)

p

name! Oh, man-y a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield - ed for - tune,
 Lord Tol. *p* Oh, man-y a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield - ed for - tune,
 Lord Mount. *p* Oh, man-y a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield - ed for - tune,
 Sentry *p* Oh, man-y a man, in Friend-ship's name, Has yield - ed for - tune,

(B)

cresc. *f*

rank, and fame! But no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a

cresc. *f*

rank, and fame! But no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a

cresc. *f*

rank, and fame! But no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a

cresc. *f*

rank, and fame! But no one yet, in the world so wide, Has yield-ed up a

cresc.

p *a piacere* *cresc.*

prom-ised bride!

prom-ised bride!

prom-ised bride!

prom-ised bride! Ac-cept, oh — Friend-ship, all — the —

p

a tempo *f* *dim.* *p*

This sac - ri - fice to thy dear name! Ac - cept this

This sac - ri - fice to thy dear name! Ac - cept this

This sac - ri - fice to thy dear name! Ac - cept this

same, This sac - ri - fice to thy dear name! Ac - cept this

pp (After Quartet, exeunt Phyllis, Lords Tottoller, and Mountarat.)
(Enter Lord Chancellor very miserable.)

sac-ri-fice to thy dear name!

pp sac-ri-fice to thy dear name!

pp sac-ri-fice to thy dear name!

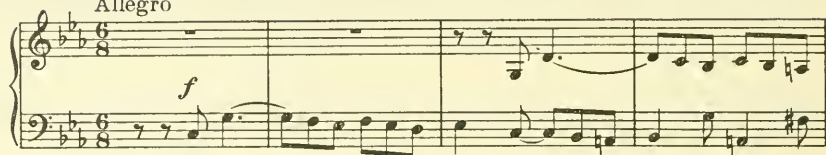
pp sac-ri-fice to thy dear name!

p

No. 20. "Love, unrequited, robs me of my rest"

Recitative and Song

Lord Chancellor

Allegro*Recit.*
Lord. Chan.

(A)

a tempo

Love, un-re-quit-ed, robs me of my rest:



Love, hope-less love, my ar-dent soul en-cum-bers:



(B)

Love, night-mare-like, lies heav - y on my chest, And

din.

a tempo

weaves it-self in-to my mid-night slum - bers!

p

f

Allegro ma non troppo

(C)

When you're ly-ing a-wake with a

dis-mal head-ache, and re - pose is ta - boo'd by anx - i - e - ty, I con -

ceive you may use an - y language you choose to in - dulse in, with-out im - pro -

pri - e - ty; For your brain is on fire — the bed-clothes con - spire — of

u - su - al slum-ber to plun-der you: First your coun - ter-pane goes, and un -

co-vers your toes, and your sheet slips de-mure-ly from un-der you; Then the

(D)

blank-et-ing tick-les— you feel like mixed pick-les— so ter-ri-bly sharp is the

prick-ing, And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tum-ble and toss till there's

(E)

noth-ing'twixt you and the tick-ing. Then the bed-clothes all creep to the

ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tan-gle; Next your

pil-low re-signs and po-lite-ly de-clines to re-main at its u-su-al

an-gle! Well, you get some re-pose in the form of a doze, with hot

eye-balls and head ev-er ach-ing, But your slum-ber-ing teems with such

hor-ri-ble dreams that you'd ver-y much bet-ter be wak-ing; For you

⑥

dream you are cross-ing the Chan-nel, and toss-ing a - bout in a steam-er from

pp

Har-wich— Which is some-thing be-tween a large bath-ing ma-chine and a

ver-y small sec-ond-class car-riage— And you're giv-ing a treat (pen-ny

ice and cold meat) to a par - ty of friends and re - la - tions— They're a

rav - en - ous horde— and they all came on board at Sloane Square and South Ken-sing-ton

Sta-tions. And bound on that jour - ney you find your at - tor - ney (who

start - ed that morn - ing from Dev - on); He's a bit un - der - siz'd, and you

don't feel surpris'd when he tells you he's on - ly e - lev - en. We'll, you're

(J)

driv-ing like mad with this sin - gu - lar lad (by - the - bye, the ship's now a four -

wheel - er), And you're play-ing round games, and he calls you bad names when you

(K)

tell him that "ties pay the deal - er"; But this you can't stand, so you

throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an i - ci - cle; In your

shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), cross-ing Sal's-bu - ry Plain on a

bi - cy - cle: And he and the crew are on bi - cy - cles too—which they've

some-how or oth-er in - vest - ed in— And he's tell-ing the tars, all the

par-tic-u-lars of a com-pa-ny he's in-ter-est-ed in— It's a

scheme of de-vic-es, to get at low pric-es, all goods from cough mix-tures to

ca-bles (Which tick-led the sail-ors) by treat-ing re-tail-ers, as

though they were all ve-ge-ta-bles— You get a good spades-man to

plant a small trades-man, (first take off his boots with a boot-tree), And his

legs will take root, and his fin-gers will shoot, and they'll blos-som and bud like a

fruit-tree— From the green-gro-cer tree you get grapes and green-pea, cau-li-

flow-er, pine-ap-ple, and cran-ber-ries, While the pas-try-cook plant, cher-ry

bran- dy will grant, ap- ple puffs, and three- cor- ners, and ban- ber- ies— The

shares are a pen- ny, and ev- er so man- y are tak- en by Roths- child and

sempre p

Ba- ring, And just as a few are al- lot- ted to you, you a-

wake with a shud- der des- pair- ing— You're a reg- u- lar wreck, with a

pp

crick in your neck, and no won-der you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you've

nee-dles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is a creep, for your

cresc.

left leg's a-sleep, and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some

fluff in your lung, and a fe-ver-ish tongue, and a thirst that's in-tense, And a

dim.

gen-er-al sense that you have-n't been sleep-ing in clo-ver;

cresc.

But the dark - ness has pass'd, and it's day - light at

p

last, and the night has been long— dit - to, dit - to my

cresc.

song— And thank good - ness they're both of them o -

colla voce

ver! *Con fuoco*

ff

During the last lines Lords Mountararat and Tolloller have entered. They gaze sympathetically upon the Lord Chancellor's distress. At the end of his song they come forward.

Ld. Mount.: I am much distressed to see your lordship in this condition.

Ld. Chan.: Ah, my lords, it is seldom that a Lord Chancellor has reason to envy the position of another, but I am free to confess that I would rather be two earls engaged to Phyllis than any other half-dozen noblemen upon the face of the globe.

Ld. Toll.: (*without enthusiasm*) Yes. In a way, it's an enviable position.

Ld. Mount.: Oh yes—no doubt most enviable. At the same time, seeing you thus, we naturally say to ourselves, "This is very sad. His lordship is constitutionally as blithe as a bird—he trills upon the bench like a thing of song and gladness. His series of judgments in F sharp, given *andante* in six-eight time, are among the most remarkable effects ever produced in a court of Chancery. He is, perhaps, the only living instance of a judge whose decrees have received the honor of a double encore. How can we bring ourselves to do that which will deprive the court of Chancery of one of its most attractive features?"

Ld. Chan.: I feel the force of your remarks, but I cannot make up my mind to apply to myself again. I am here in a double capacity. Firstly, as a Lord Chancellor entrusted with the guardianship of this charming girl; and, secondly, as a suitor for her hand. In my latter capacity I am overawed by my dignity in my former capacity; I hesitate to approach myself—it unnerves me.

Ld. Toll.: It's a difficult position. This is what it is to have two capacities. Let us be thankful that we are persons of no capacity whatever.

Ld. Mount.: But take courage! Remember, you are a very just and kindly old gentleman, and you need have no hesitation in approaching yourself, so that you do so respectfully and with a proper show of deference.

Ld. Chan.: Do you really think so? Well, I will nerve myself to another effort, and if that fails I resign myself to my fate.

No. 21. "He who shies at such a prize"

181

Trio

Lord Tolloller, Lord Mountararat and Lord Chancellor

In modo di Valzer

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bass clef part is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The second system is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bass clef part is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature.

Lord Tol., 2nd Verse

He — who shies At such a prize Is — not worth a
Lord Mount., 1st Verse

If you go in You're sure to win — Yours will be the

ma - ra - ve - di Be — so kind To bear in mind —

charm - ing mai - die: Be — your law The an - cient saw,

(A)

(Together each verse)

Three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked with a 'z' (allegretto). The lyrics are: "Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!" Nev - er, nev - er, Lord Chan. Nev - er, nev - er.

Soprano: "Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!" Nev - er, nev - er,
 Alto: "Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!" Nev - er, nev - er,
 Tenor: Lord Chan.
 Piano: Nev - er, nev - er,

(B)

Three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked with a 'z' (allegretto). The lyrics are: nev - er. "Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!"

Soprano: nev - er. "Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!"
 Alto: nev - er. "Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!"
 Tenor: nev - er. "Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!"
 Piano: nev - er. "Faint heart nev - er won fair la - dy!"

(B)

1. Ev - 'ry jour - ney has an end— When at the worst, af - fairs will mend—
 2. While the sun shines make your hay— Where a will is, there's a way—

1. Ev - 'ry jour - ney has an end— When at the worst, af - fairs will mend—
 2. While the sun shines make your hay— Where a will is, there's a way—

1. Ev - 'ry jour - ney has an end— When at the worst, af - fairs will mend—
 2. While the sun shines make your hay— Where a will is, there's a way—

p

Dark the dawn when day is nigh— Hus - tle your horse and don't say die!
 Beard the li - on in his lair— None but the brave de - serve the fair!

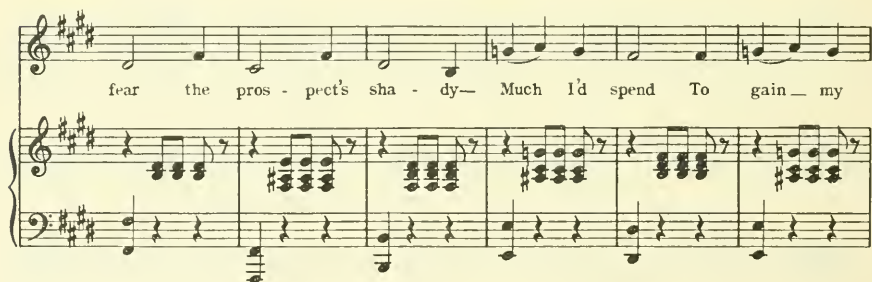
Dark the dawn when day is nigh— Hus - tle your horse and don't say die!
 Beard the li - on in his lair— None but the brave de - serve the fair!

Dark the dawn when day is nigh— Hus - tle your horse and don't say die!
 Beard the li - on in his lair— None but the brave de - serve the fair!

ff



Ld. Chan.



(E) Ld. Tol.

Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, "Faint heart nev - er won fair

Ld. Mount.

Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, "Faint heart nev - er won fair

(E) Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, "Faint heart nev - er won fair

(F)

la - dy!"

Noth - ing ven - ture,

la - dy!"

Noth - ing ven - ture,

la - dy!"

Noth - ing ven - ture,

(F)

noth - ing win— Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin—

noth - ing win— Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin—

noth - ing win— Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin—

In for a pen - ny, in for a pound— It's Love that makes the

In for a pen - ny, in for a pound— It's Love that makes the

In for a pen - ny, in for a pound— It's Love that makes the

world go round! Noth - ing ven - ture, noth - ing win,

world go round! Noth - ing ven - ture, noth - ing win,

world go round! Noth - ing ven - ture, noth - ing win,

Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin— In for a pen - ny,

Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin— In for a pen - ny,

Blood is thick, but wa - ter's thin— In for a pen - ny,

in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round!_____

in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round!_____

in for a pound— It's Love that makes the world go round!_____

ff

(Dance, and exeunt arm-in-arm together. Enter Strephon.)

188 No. 22. "My bill has now been read a second time"

Recitative and Song

Strephon

Allegro pesante

Recit.

si - tion, Some rath - er ur - gent mea - sures— quite be - neath The ken of

pa - triot and pol - i - ti - cian! Fold your flap - ping wings, soar - ing leg - is -

la - ture! Stoop to lit - tle things— Stoop to hu - man na - ture! Nev - er need to

roam, Mem - bers pa - tri - ot - ic, Let's be - gin at home—

Crime is no ex - ot - ic! Bit - ter is your bane— Ter - ri - ble your

tri - als,— Din - gy Dru - ry Lane! Soap - less Sev - en Di - als!

rall.

dim.

Take a tip - sy lout,
Take a wretch - ed thief,

f

p

Gath - er'd from the gut - ter— Hus - tle him a - bout— Strap him to a
Through the cit - y sneak - ing, Pock - et hand - ker - chief Ev - er, ev - er

shut - ter: What am I but he, Wash'd at hours
seek - ing: What is he but I Robb'd of all my

p

stat - ed— Fed on fil - a - gree— Clothed and ed - u -
chanc - es— Pick - ing pock - ets by Force of cir - cum -

ca - ted? He's a mark of scorn,— I might be an -
stanc - es? I might be as bad— As un - luck - y,

cresc. *f* *più f*

1.
oth - er, If I had been born Of a tip - sy moth - er!
rath - er—

p *ff*

2.

If I'd on - ly had Fa - gin for a fa - ther!

colla voce

ff

(Enter Phyllis)

Phyllis: (starting) Strephon!

Strephon: (starting) Phyllis! But I suppose I should say, "My Lady". I have not yet been informed which title your ladyship has pleased to elect.

Phyllis: I haven't quite decided. You see, I have no *mother* to advise me.

Strephon: No; I have.

Phyllis: Yes, a *young* mother.

Strephon: Not very—a couple of centuries or so.

Phyllis: Oh, she wears well.

Strephon: She does; she's a fairy.

Phyllis: I beg your pardon—a what?

Strephon: Oh, I've no longer any reason to conceal the fact—she's a fairy.

Phyllis: A fairy! Well, but—that would account for a good many things. Then I suppose you're a fairy?

Strephon: I'm half a fairy.

Phyllis: Which half?

Strephon: The upper half—down to the waistcoat.

Phyllis: Dear me! (*prodding him with her fingers*) There is nothing to show it. But why didn't you tell me this before?

Strephon: I thought you would take a dislike to me. But as it's all off, you may as well know the truth—I'm only half a mortal.

Phyllis: (*crying*) But I'd rather have half a mortal I do love than half a dozen I don't.

Strephon: Oh, I think not. Go to your half dozen.

Phyllis: (*crying*) It's only two, and I hate 'em! Please forgive me.

Strephon: I don't think I ought to. Besides, all sorts of difficulties will arise. You know my grandmother looks quite as young as my mother. So do all my aunts.

Phyllis: I quite understand. Whenever I see you kissing a very young lady I shall know it's an elderly relative.

Strephon: You will? Then, Phyllis, I think we shall be very happy. (*embracing her*)

Phyllis: We won't wait long before we marry; we might change our minds.

Strephon: Yes—we'll get married first.

Phyllis: And change our minds afterwards.

Strephon: Yes, that's the usual course.

No. 23. "If we're weak enough to tarry"

193

Duet

Phyllis and Strephon

Allegro giocoso

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

Strephon

First vocal entry by Strephon. The melody is in G major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "If we're weak e-nough to tar-ry Ere we mar-ry, You and I,"

Second vocal entry by Strephon. The melody continues in G major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment remains in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Of the feel-ing I in-spire You may tire — By — and bye;"

(A)

Third vocal entry by Strephon, marked with a circled 'A'. The melody is in G major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "For peers with flow-ing cof-fers Press their of-fers, That is why"

I am sure we should not tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I.

Phyllis

If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,

With a more at - trac - tive maid - en, Jew - el la - den, You may fly;

(B)
If by chance we should be part - ed, Bro - ken-heart - ed I — should die.

So I think we will not tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,

Ah, _____ Ah, _____

Strephon

Ah, _____

ad.

✱

If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,

If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,

p

With a more at - trac - tive maid - en, Jew - el la - den, You may fly.
Of the feel - ing I in - spire, You may tire — By and bye,

C *f* You _____ and I, _____
Of the feel - ing I in - spire, You may tire — By and bye —

C If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,
If we're weak e - nough to tar - ry Ere we mar - ry, You and I,
p

With a more at - trac - tive maid - en, Jew - el la - den, You my fly.

Of the feel - ing I in - spire, — You may tire — By and bye.

p

So I think we will not tar - ry Ere — we mar - ry, Ere we

So I think we will not tar - ry Ere — we mar - ry, Ere we

mar - ry, You — and I, You — and I,

mar - ry, You — and I, You — and I,

p *cresc.*

You and I. D
 You and I. D
 col pedale

Phyllis: But does your mother know you're—I mean, is she aware of our engagement?

(Enter Iolanthe)

Iolanthe: She is, and thus she welcomes her daughter-in-law. *(kisses her)*

Phyllis: She kisses just like other people! But the Lord Chancellor?

Strephon: I had forgotten him.—Mother, none can resist your fairy eloquence. You will go to him and plead for us?

Iolanthe: *(Aside)* Go to him?—*(aloud)* No, no! impossible!

Strephon: But our happiness, our very lives, depend upon our obtaining his consent.

Phyllis: Oh, madam, you cannot refuse to do this?

Iolanthe: You know not what you ask! The Lord Chancellor is my husband!

Strephon: } Your husband?

Phyllis: }

Iolanthe: My husband and your father! *(Strephon overcome)*

Phyllis: Then our course is plain. On his learning that Strephon is his son, all objections to our marriage will be at once removed.

Iolanthe: Nay, he must never know. He believes me to have died childless; and, dearly as I love him, I am bound, under penalty of death, not to deceive him. But see, he comes! Quick, my veil! *(Retires up)*

(Enter Lord Chancellor. Iolanthe retires with Strephon and Phyllis)

Ld. Chan.. Victory! victory! Success has crowned my efforts, and I may consider myself engaged to Phyllis. At first I wouldn't hear of it; it was out of the question. But I took heart. I pointed out to myself that I was no stranger to myself—in point of fact, I had been personally acquainted with myself for some years. This had its effect. I admitted that I had watched my professional advancement with considerable interest, and I handsomely added that I yielded to no one in admiration for my private and professional virtues. This was a great point gained. I then endeavored to work upon my feelings. Conceive my joy when I distinctly perceived a tear glistening in my own eye! Eventually, after a severe struggle with myself, I reluctantly, most reluctantly, consented.

(Iolanthe comes down, Strephon and Phyllis going off.)

But whom have we here?

No. 24. "My lord, a suppliant at your feet"

Recitative and Ballad

Iolanthe

Allegro agitato

Recit.
Iolanthe

My lord, a

sup-pliant at your feet I kneel,

Oh,

list-en to a moth-er's fond ap- peal!
a tempo

Hear me to -

night! I come in ur-gent need— 'Tis for my son, young Stre-phon, that I plead'

Andante non troppo lento

He loves! If in the by-gone years Thine eyes have ev - er shed Tears—

bit - ter, un - a - - vail - ing tears— For one un-time - ly dead—

If in the e - ven - tide of life Sad thoughts of her a - rise, Then

let the mem - 'ry of thy wife Plead for my boy— he dies! He

dies! If fond-ly laid a-side In some old cab-in - et, Me -

mo-rials of thy long - dead bride Lie, dear - ly trea-sured yet,

Then let her hal - low'd bri - dal dress— Her lit-tle daint - y gloves—Her

with-er'd flow'rs— her fad-ed tress— Plead for my boy— he loves!

(The Lord Chancellor is moved by this appeal. After a pause—)

No. 25. "It may not be"

Recitative

Iolanthe, Queen, Lord Chancellor and Fairies

Recit.
Ld. Chan.

It may not be— for so the fates de - cide! Learn thou that

p

Moderato
a tempo(A) *a tempo vivace*

Phyl-lis is my prom-is'd bride!

ff

Iolanthe

Ld. Chan.

Thy bride! No! No! It shall be so! Those who would sep - arate us,

mf

(B) *ma espress.*
a tempo

Iolanthe

woe be - tide! My doom thylips have spo-ken— I plead in

p

Chorus (without)

Iolanthe

vain! For - bear! — For - bear! — A vow al-read - y

Fairies

bro - ken, I break — a - gain! For - bear! — For -

C

Iolanthe

bear! — For him— for her— for thee I yield — my

dim. e rit.

Più lento

p

life. Be - hold— it may not be! I am thy

pp

Andante moderato

(D) Fairies

wife Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Wil-la-loo! —

p *pp*

Recit.
Ld. Chan.Lento
Iolanthe

— Wil-la-loo! — I - o - lan - the! thou liv - est? Aye! I live! Now let me

pp

Andante

Enter Fairy Queen and Fairies. Iolanthe kneels to her.

die! —

pp

(E)

Once a - gain — thy vows are bro - ken;

p

Thou thy - self thy doom hast spo - ken!

(F) Fairies

Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Eye - yah! Eye -

p

(G) Queen

yah! Wil-la-ha-lah! Wil-la-loo! Wil-la-ha-lah! Wil-la-loo! — Bow — thy

pp *p*

head to Des - ti - ny: Death thy doom, and thou — shalt

(H)

Fairies

(The Peers and Strephon enter. The Queen raises her spear. Lord Chancellor and Strephon implore her mercy, Leila and Celia rush forward.)

Leila: Hold! If Iolanthe must die, so must we all, for as she has sinned, so have we.

Queen: What?

(Peers and Fairies kneel to her—Lord Mountarat with Leila; Lord Tolloller with Celia.)

Celia: We are all fairy duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses, and baronesses.

Ld.Mount.: It's our fault; they couldn't help themselves.

Queen: It seems they *have* helped themselves, and pretty freely too!—(After a pause) You have all incurred death, but I can't slaughter the whole company. And yet (unfolding a scroll) the law is clear: Every fairy must die who marries a mortal!

Ld.Chan.: Allow me, as an old equity draughtsman, to make a suggestion. The subtleties of the legal mind are equal to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple; the insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that every fairy shall die who *don't* marry a mortal, and there you are, out of your difficulty at once!

Queen: We like your humor. Very well. (Altering the MS. in pencil)—Private Willis!

Pvt.Willis: (coming forward) Ma'am?

Queen: To save my life it is necessary that I marry at once. How should you like to be a fairy Guardsman?

Pvt.Willis: Well, ma'am, I don't think much of the British soldier who wouldn't ill-convenience himself to save a female in distress.

Queen: You are a brave fellow. You're a fairy from this moment. (Wings spring from Sentry's shoulders.)—And you, my lords, how say you? Will you join our ranks?

(Fairies kneel to Peers, and implore them to do so.)

Ld.Mount.: (to Tolloller) Well, now that the peers are to be recruited entirely from persons of intelligence, I really don't see what use *we* are down here.

Ld.Toll.: None, whatever.

Queen: Good! (Wings spring from the shoulders of Peers.)—Then away we go to Fairyland!

No. 26. "Soon as we may, off and away"

207

Finale Ensemble

In modo di Valzer

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a series of eighth-note triplets, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece concludes with a piano (p) dynamic and a final chord.

Phyllis 1st Verse

Ld. Chan. 2nd Verse

Soon as we may, Off and a - way!

Up in the sky, Ev - er so high,

The vocal parts (Phyllis and Lead Channel) enter with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The key signature remains three sharps.

We'll com - mence our jour - ney air - y— Hap - py are we—

Plea - sures come in end - less se - ries: We will ar - range

The vocal parts continue with the second verse. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first verse, providing a steady harmonic and rhythmic foundation. The key signature remains three sharps.

As you can , see, Ev - 'ry one is now a fair - y!

Hap-py ex- change— House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

(A) Phyllis, 1st Verse

Ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, Ev - 'ry one is now a fair - y!

Iol., 1st Verse

Ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, Ev - 'ry one is now a fair - y!

Queen, 1st Verse

Ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry, Ev - 'ry one is now a fair - y!

(Ld. Tol.) 2nd Verse

Pe - ris, Pe - ris, Pe - ris, House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

Ld. Mount., 2nd Verse

Pe - ris, Pe - ris, Pe - ris, House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

Ld. Ch., 2nd Verse

Pe - ris, Pe - ris, Pe - ris, House of Peers for House of Pe - ris!

(A) (B)

Tho' as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings go to

Tho' as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings go to

Tho' as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings go to

Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in

Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in

Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from Wards in

ev - 'ry bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to

ev - 'ry bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to

ev - 'ry bow, Make up your minds that grief 'twill bring, If you've two beaux to

Chan-ce - ry, He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's such a sus-cep - ti-ble

Chan-ce - ry, He will be sure - ly hap - pier, for He's such a sus-cep - ti-ble

Chan-ce - ry, I shall be sure - ly hap - pier, for I'm such a sus-cep - ti-ble

Tutti
Phyllis

ev - 'ry string. 1. Though as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings
2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from

Iolanthe

ev - 'ry string. 1. Though as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings
2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from

Queen

ev - 'ry string. 1. Though as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings
2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from

Chorus

Leila with Sop. I Celia with Sop. II

Chan - cel - lor! 1. Though as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings
2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from

Lord Tol. with Ten. I Lord Mount. with Ten. II

Chan - cel - lor! 1. Though as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings
2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from

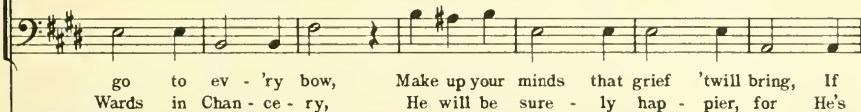
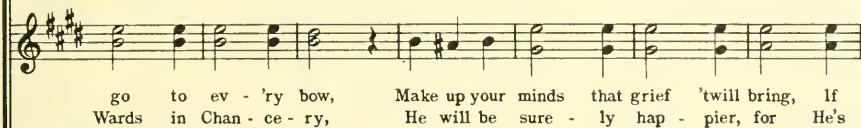
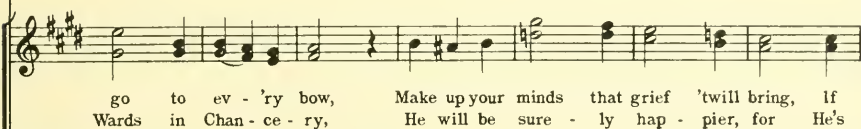
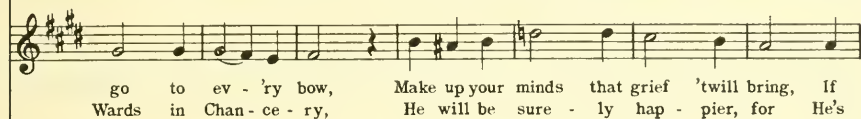
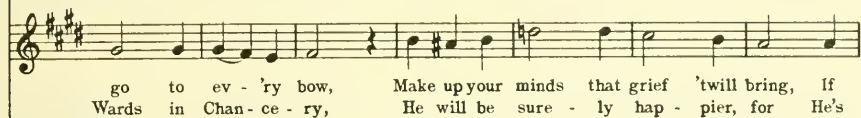
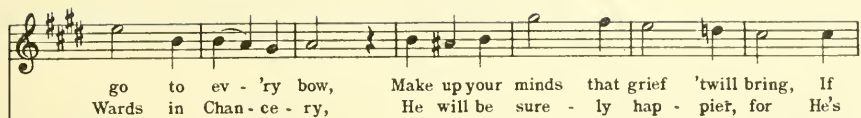
Lord Chan. & Strephon with Bass

Chan - cel - lor! 1. Though as a gen - 'ral rule we know Two strings
2. Up in the air, sky high, sky high, Free from

Chorus

Chan - cel - lor!

f



you've two beaux to ev - 'ry string. Chan-cel - lor! _____
such a sus - cep - ti-ble

you've two beaux to ev - 'ry string. Chan-cel - lor! _____
such a sus - cep - ti-ble

you've two beaux to ev - 'ry string. Chan-cel - lor! _____
such a sus - cep - ti-ble

you've two beaux to ev - 'ry string. Chan-cel - lor! _____
such a sus - cep - ti-ble

you've two beaux to ev - 'ry string. Chan-cel - lor! _____
such a sus - cep - ti-ble

you've two beaux to ev - 'ry string. Chan-cel - lor! _____
such a sus - cep - ti-ble

1. *ff*

2. *ff*

Red. End of Opera

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